MARCH 17 — 23, 1979

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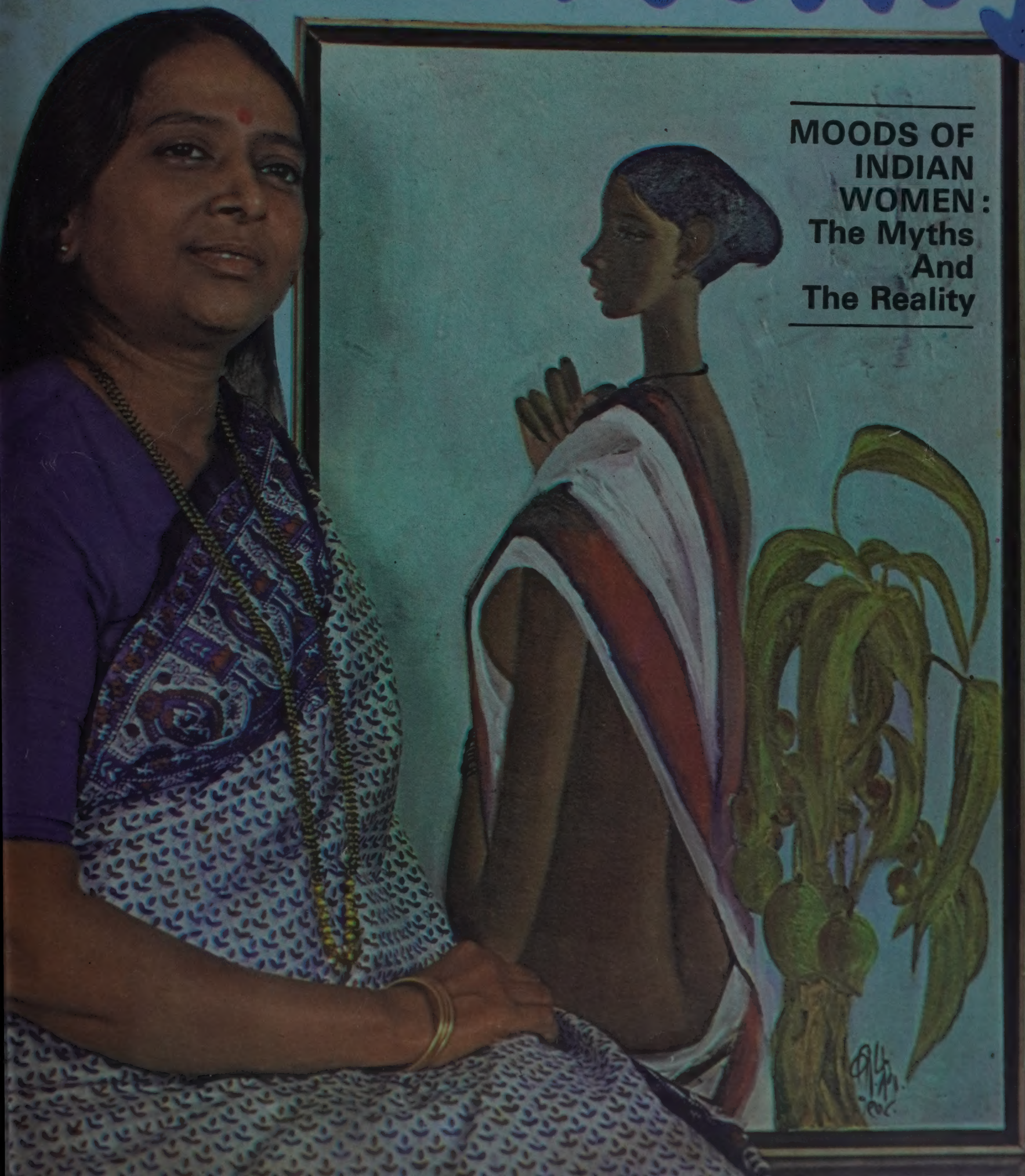

MOODS OF INDIAN WOMEN: The Myths And The Reality

For Mother's Pet !

Alli Brow

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CAREFREE is made with you in mind. It is the modern woman's answer to sanitary protection on those 5 days.

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Charmis Vanishing Cream cares for your complexion as much as you do.

CVC.G.1.78

B. PRABHA

Born in 1931 in Bella, a village near Nagpur. Finished school from Chalisgaon. Showed inclination for the fine arts from childhood. Did a course in painting at the Nagpur School of Arts. Later obtained a diploma in Fine Arts from the Sir J. J. School of Arts, Bombay. Won a scholarship for an advance course in mural painting. Commissioned by Air-India to do several murals for their overseas offices. Switched to oil painting in 1959. Married a noted sculptor and painter in 1956. Have held joint shows of paintings and sculptures.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

VOL. XXXIII NO.11 BOMBAY

CHAIRMAN & MG. DIRECTOR: J. K. SOMANI
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STUDIO: FAROKH REPORTER
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER: B. K. SANIL

PRINTER: R. S. SARANGAN

PRINTED & PUBLISHED AT SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS, BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG, BOMBAY-400 023

PROPRIETORS: EVE'S WEEKLY LTD., BOMBAY-400 023

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PUSHPA HANS
1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.

TAPATI MOOKERJI
235/2, Acharya Jagadish Bose Rd., Calcutta-20.

S. J. KURUVILLA
163, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras-10.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Inland Rs. 85. Foreign Rs. 127 (Sea Mail)

THE POWER OF THE EXORCIST

Three young Bombay doctors on a rural posting witnessed a case of exorcism which ended in a tragedy. The story of their experience.

Page 10.

MOODS OF INDIAN WOMEN

Artist B. Prabha's exhibition of paintings generally titled, "The Moods of Indian Women", sparked off questions about these moods — what is the myth and what the reality?

Page 24.

THE RIGHT NOT TO BE BORN

The right of the child not to be born if its other rights will not be fulfilled — as they very often are not — is something that should be remembered during the International Year of the Child. A new impetus to the Family Welfare Programme is urgently called for.

Page 13.

BETTER TOYS

The world of toys — so important a part of a child's development — has been too long neglected. Drastic changes are required and demanding these would be a good way of commemorating the International Year of the Child.

Page 38.

ALSO

Do-it-yourself: Make a bed-cum-table as a space-saving measure — **Page 31** The Language Controversy: People in Bengal and Bihar express their opinions — **Page 40** Inter-lingual Marriages: How some couples cope — **Page 45** Film Interviews: Rajendra Kumar and his son, Bunty — **Page 21** Eve Today: Kanak Srinivasan, dancer — **Page 27** Husband-Wife Team: Altaf and Navjot, young artists — **Page 37** Toys for IYC: Deepak and Asha, toy makers — **Page 43.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Passing Through/**15**, Short Story/**17**, Fashion/**28**, Cookery/**33**, Hiya Honey/**49**, Frankly Speaking/**51**, People & Events/**52**, Horoscope/**54**.

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

CHILDREN LOVERS

Perhaps I am wrong, but I feel the majority in this country will usher in the 'International Year of the Child' with a certain degree of smugness and complacence. We think of ourselves as a nation of children-lovers. We do not, for example, follow the unhealthy foreign habit of leaving our children in creches for the sake of a job; we do not take kindly to the idea of our young ones striking out on their own at the age of fifteen and falling into the hands of wolves. We regard with horror the practice of independent sons or daughters paying for board or lodging. We take pride in averring that our children are our babies till we are cradled in our graves. We can do no wrong as far as our children are concerned — the atrocities that we come across are merely the odd ones... Alas, the atrocities are on the increase. The horror of the Sanjay-Geeta murder has been followed by the sad death of Lord Sinha's grandchildren in the most mysterious circumstances. In Swakashi, a busload of child-workers were driven across a swollen river in spite of their protests. Many were swept away. Neither is the quality of our love above reproach. We love our children with a fierce possessiveness that robs them of individuality and keeps them in emotional bondage. There is need for an honest reappraisal of our attitudes. Will we heed the call?

LEELA RAMASWAMY, Bangalore.

We are neither animal lovers nor children lovers. At best we are children-pamperers and that, too, either wrongly or if it suits us in some way. "Possessiveness" is the keyword. We make "possessions" of our children, in much the same way that men consider their own women "property" or "possession". Then, when "the worm turns" — oh, what a hue and cry!

2nd PRIZE

FUTURE MORES

While casteism has not yet been conquered, there are hopeful signs that it is loosening its grip on the present generation, especially on those living in urban areas. Here is an instance to prove the point. My cousin, a Tamilian Hindu, fell in love with a Malayalee Hindu boy and wanted to marry him. While the boy's parents gave the green signal for the marriage, the girl's parents strongly opposed it. But the girl was firm and her brothers, sisters and cousins rallied around her. Finally, her parents came around and the lovers were happily married.

This shows that the good work started by Rajaram Mohan Roy, Swami Vivekananda and Mahatma Gandhi has not gone to waste. The impact has been felt by the present generation, and the future generations are bound to have a more liberal outlook. So, where legislation may fail, time will succeed. It is no doubt a slow and painful process and social evils like untouchability, casteism, dowry, etc. may not be killed during our lifetime. But a day is bound to come when their death knell will be sounded and their last bastions in the countryside will be rammed into submission.

C. RAGHUNATHAN, Madras

Bound to, bound to! We have said it over and over again: it is the younger generations who will break down these age-old walls and barriers. We only hope the old, the rigid and the bigoted will step out of the way as soon as they possibly can.

3rd PRIZE

ON THE OTHER FOOT...

An irate male candidate has complained against the Ahmedabad Telephones in the Indian Express. In its ad. for recruitment of employees, the Ahmedabad Telephones had asked for Lady Telephone Operators. As a climax to the whole piece, the advertisement had stated: Male candidates should not apply. The candidate has naturally been prompted to ask: Are male and female not equal in the eyes of the law? We had not imagined that the day would come so soon for men to complain about discrimination on the basis of sex. So far it has been the other way round. Is Ahmedabad Telephones trying to promote the interests of women? Or, does it merely feel that women are more efficient than men as telephone operators? Whatever the reason behind the decision to bar male candidates, Ahmedabad Telephones has certainly pioneered a new trend in recruitment!

AMINA AMIN, Ahmedabad,

So now, the shoe's on the other foot — and men "need not apply"! Sounds delicious, but let's not lose our heads over it. Some employers will still want only women receptionists and telephone operators; others will still want only male executives and pilots. We do advocate equality, but there are so many priorities to be considered in the very term "equality"...

A QUESTION OF BATHING?

Britishers now prefer older women. In response to a survey conducted by a knitwear company in London, a majority of 1,200 English people aged 25 to 35, voted women in their early 40s as the most beautiful. Top of the poll was an English actress Joan Collins who admits to being 42; her latest film 'The Stud' is a hit in England. Close behind thrice-married Miss Collins were actresses Brigitte Bardot (44), Jane Fonda (40), Diana Dors (47), Diane Cilento (44), Raquel Welch (38), Barbara Streisand (36), and Jacqueline Onassis (49), Princess Grace of Monaco (48). Men under 35 have no alternative but to look to the over 40s. Women who were sex symbols in the 1950s and 1960s remain so in the 1970s because no younger women have taken their place. Miss Collins says, "Girls brought up in the fifties had to try harder. They saw the necessity to be clean and scrubbed and take a bath."

SURESH K. ANJUM, Calcutta.

The only snag is that all the over-40s mentioned are glamorous creatures from the worlds of show business, royalty and high society. What about Miss Plain Jane 40-plus? Does she have a chance? Even if she is clean and scrubbed and has her daily bath?

DOUBLE DISCRIMINATION

How does one achieve the Utopian state of true equality in a country? Upholding and taking the so-far downtrodden under its wing, the Government, makes special efforts to lead them towards goals so for inaccesible — is this the answer? Does not this zealous and over-protective attitude in itself single out individuals on the basis of caste and creed and make them painfully conscious of their difference in social status?

A well-known bank advertises, "The Well from which Harijans may always draw." A big concession, no doubt! But why single out the Harijan? Because you gave him an unfair deal in the past? If he were a lesser citizen once due to our mistaken attitudes, let us not make a graver mistake by making him the object of our magnanimous charity. Not only is it in bad taste but as bad a form of discrimination as any. Treat him as an equal, this is all he needs and he will be the better for it.

D. KHAN, Hyderabad.

It is an unfortunate tendency here to go overboard on all important national issues. We are so afraid of criticism, so terrified of attack, that we often take what seems the easy way out — a way which more often than not leads to complications and further frustations.

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the only instant coffee
made from 100% pure coffee

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

MOTHERHOOD

I wholeheartedly support Mikki Hariani's views in the article 'Why be a Mother?' (Jan. 21). How can motherhood be advocated blindly for all? It is time we realised what damage has been done by this child-oriented social pattern. Is it not the reason family planning programmes fail, children are forced to work at an early age and so many unwanted ones born?

I appeal to all lovers of old traditions to think afresh about their advocacy of motherhood. We have to admit that children are not treated very lovingly in our country.

A lot has been said about the bliss of motherhood, it is only proper to see the other side of it too.

CHITRA SINHA, Calcutta.

SINGLEDOM

It was heartening to read The Virtues Of Being Single (Feb. 17). The writer has made a few pertinent points. He says there are many who have no desire to get married. Which means, contrary to the general belief, there is nothing abnormal about not wanting to get married. Religious or social pressures push a person into matrimony. I also agree with the writer's view that some women are intent on life-long careers which would be crippled by marriage. Such women do not want to stifle their individuality. They are among those who believe that as individuals they should be allowed the choice of not getting married. Many of us will agree with the writer's statement that it still considered a social stigma to have unmarried daughters. It is this factor more than any other that is forcing women to accept marriage. Women should remain single if they want to and hold their heads high and face the world boldly (and not apologetically, I must add).

AMINA AMIN, Ahmedabad.

THE PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED

The article on sex and the physically handicapped (Feb. 10), by Meher Pestonji, has revealed the true picture of handicapped people in their sex life. This sort of informative article really gives the readers a lot to think about. Eve's Weekly has taken a very bold step in publishing such an eye-opening article.

B. N. BOSE, Jamshedpur.

NOT IN GOOD TASTE

The article on sex and the physically handicapped (Feb. 10), by Meher carried in it are really very nice and we enjoy reading them. But the advertisement of 'Lady Zodiac Panties' (Feb. 17) has really given us a jolt. We never thought that a magazine catering to women, with a name like Eve's Weekly, would be capable of carrying such an advertisement. It makes one feel as if all of us women are baring our legs for everyone to see. If this advertisement had appeared in Playboy or Debonair, it wouldn't have created a ripple, but it is just not right for your magazine.

The Hiya Honey piece on the page facing the advertisement is also not in good taste.

We hope we shall not see such advertisements in your magazine in future

RUKI MOTI, SHAMPA LAXMAN, KANTA JHANGHIANI, LEELA VISHNU and HEERU ADVANI, Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF MARCH 24

CONSUMER ACTION

The focus of the Consumer Action Week (March 24-31) this year is to be on some of the most basic of civic problems — conditions in public markets, water pollution and garbage collection. We highlight the first two in a special supplement and also discuss how individual and group action can help alleviate consumer problems.

CHILDREN WRITE

The prize-winning entries from our children's essay contest on the subjects : "A day in my life as a beggar child" and "My servant's children".

STEP BY STEP COOKERY

Four easy steps to Walnut Biscuit Delights!

ALSO

The announcement of a new "lucky coupon" scheme.

Plus all our regular features, including Women in Sport and Book Nook.

It came to us a surprise. The letter was terse and to the point. Dated the 19th of November, it said "This is to inform you that with effect from the 22nd of November, you are posted at the Primary Health Centre, Village Arvi in Bhusaval District. You are requested to report to the Health Officer, District Bhusaval for further details."

As doctors working on a bond with the Government, we had expected this 'rural posting' — but not at such short notice. Anyway, we were bachelors, and after taking stock of the situation we decided to depart as soon as possible to our new headquarters.

We were three of us, together since our medical college days. Atul, short and stocky was the philosopher, who took everything in his stride with a smile and went on with his work. Vijay was the more dynamic and aggressive; a man of intense likes and dislikes, he had a short temper which would flare up at the slightest sign of indiscipline or injustice. They called me the 'idealist' and 'confidence trickster' in turns, because of my intense involvement with work plus my capacity of establishing quick rapport with people.

It was a mixed lot of three medical personnel thus, which found itself at Bhusaval on the morning of the 22nd. The Health Officer explained our duties to us and in about an hour's time we reached Arvi, without much further ado. After the initial introductions to the staff and paramedical personnel, we were led to our quarters which had been cleaned and prepared in anticipation of our arrival.

Adjustment to our new environment was a matter of hours. By evening, we had taken over the management of the Health Centre and were settling down to a peaceful existence in our new village settings. The best cook in the village 'to suit our city-bred tastes', was summoned and employed to manage the household.

1978 was not a happy year for Arvi. The entire taluka in which Arvi was situated was declared scarcity-hit following insufficient rains and poor crops. "Perhaps that is why the previous batch of doctors absconded from here," said Atul in a matter-of-fact way. He was referring to two young doctors who had left the post after three weeks necessitating the urgent replacements, which role we were now fulfilling.

Water supply was our main problem — there was only one well in the vicinity, about two hundred metres from our residence. Water was drawn from the well by two persons, who supplied it to the entire Health Centre Staff numbering twenty. The villagers drew water for themselves from the well — only we 'elitists' required home service. We allotted our requirements to a deaf-mute and his wife. The former drew the water and gave it in buckets to his spouse who went round the various residences filling up tubs and buckets as needed.

Kamla (that was the water-woman's first name) was a smart girl, about 22 years old. Dark and vivacious, part of her job included visiting the village stores to get us provisions, and going around the village to solicit eggs for us — all this at a fixed salary of Rs. 25 per month.

EERIE SCREAM

We had our first premonition of what was to follow on the third day following our arrival. At about 7.15 that evening, just after the cook had left the premises, I was going towards the kitchen to fetch a glass of water. Atul and Vijay were cheerfully sitting in the verandah, discussing the shortcomings of the Centre, when suddenly a wierd thing happened. The silence of the winter night was interrupted by two or three guttural growls and a yell. Conversation stopped outside, and I felt my hair standing on end. A few seconds later, an unearthly howl rent the air "Eee... yaaa...hoo...."

The effect of that scream on the three of us was electrifying.

After what seemed an interminably long time, Atul said "Good God! What was that?"

"It sounded as if someone was being murdered in our backyard," said Vijay, the youngest among us and by far the most adventurous.

An hour later, everybody seemed to have apparently recovered and light banter as was usual between us sprang back into the conversation. But things were not as usual that night. Everyone seemed leaden-footed and the silences were more prolonged than usual. Each of us knew what was working in the other's mind but did not wish to stir up fresh conversation on an event which was better forgotten.

We went into bed a bit later than usual. I just could not get my mind off the terrifying howl and well past midnight, I found I was unable to sleep in spite of all the manoeuvres and positions in bed I tried. After trying one of those innumerable positions and tossing from side to side, I just could not help giving out a sigh of frustration.

"I know how you feel, buddy" said Vijay's voice from the opposite corner of the room. "It's been bugging me too and I just can't get it off my mind."

"What a wierd sound," I said. "Do you think it could have been some animal in distress?"

The long, bone-jarring drive in the villager's bullock cart drove all thoughts of the previous night away. For the next hour and a half, our minds were too preoccupied with the job on hand to even think of anything else. Having successfully stopped haemorrhage and administered available drugs to the patient, we were on the way back when Vijay said "How strange! Last night's unpleasant experience seems days away now.

"I still feel somebody was brutally attacked. Mark my words, somebody with grave wounds or a corpse will be brought to our dispensary tomorrow morning."

'BIG HOAX'

At about 6.00 a.m. next morning, there was an emergency call from a village six miles away. A villager had come all the way to inform us that his wife had delivered a baby the previous night; the baby was healthy but the mother was suffering from severe post-delivery bleeding and high fever. Galvanised into action, we quickly packed up our emergency kit. It was decided that Vijay and myself would leave for the distant village, while Atul would manage affairs at our headquarters.

It was only the next day that I could make inquiries about the wierd howl of two nights ago. As Kamla was entering our house with a pot of water, I stopped her and questioned her about it.

"Oh, that," she said contemptuously. "What you heard was the cry of the village exorcist. People say she drives out the

THREE YOUNG DOCTORS FROM BOMBAY ON A RURAL ASSIGNMENT WATCH HELPLESSLY AS THEIR SERVANT REFUSES THEIR HELP AND CALLS IN A SORCERESS TO TREAT HER SICK CHILD

K. S. Mulgaonkar

evil spirits from a person's body and she has quite a large number of clients."

All of a sudden, our curiosity was stimulated. Kamla was asked to come again in the afternoon and after lunch, we had a long question-and-answer session about the exorcist and her powers. From what we gathered, she was a corpulent woman in her late 50's who did a lot of mumbo-jumbo to drive off 'evil spirits residing in human bodies.' No one knew her origin, but it was rumoured that she came from a distant part of South India and belonged to a family of sorcerers. Her husband had died during a tribal ritual when she was very young and she had taken up the 'family business'. Old-timers in the village said she was around in Arvi for the last thirty or forty years.

The sorceress claimed cures for many chronic ailments-including insanity, arthritis, syphilis and epilepsy. Very often, people with mental tensions and those who had 'bad thoughts' went to her and came back with a load off their minds. Her routine to drive away spirits included drawing circles on the ground with twigs, hitting the victim with a broom and chanting of wierd incantations, over a period of three to seven days. The climax of the performance, however, would be on the last day, when a fresh lemon would be kept on the affected person's head, the exorcist would growl at it and 'make it go red and finally would apply her lips to the victim's ear and give a high-pitched shriek which would finally drive the devil out of him. For all this, her charges were a cash fee of Rs. 21, a kilo of rice and two to five coconuts.

"What do you feel about her?" I ventured to ask Kamla.

"She's a big hoax, sahab," she said, obviously pleased at all the questions and importance being given to her. "I don't believe there is anything she does for the sick. When we have a Government dispensary so close to our village, why should we visit these quacks?"

"What is the attitude of the other villagers?" I persisted in asking.

"Some of them believe in her powers. But many who have had the chance of coming in close contact with the doctors and scientific atmosphere in the Health Centre believe she is a fraud." she replied.

"Where does she live?" Atul queried.

"On the outskirts of the village. She is invited to call upon affected persons by the villagers and nowadays most of her customers live there," she said pointing to the hutment colony where apparently we had heard her in action.

Kamla's account brought to an end our speculations on the nature of 'the howl in the wilderness' as we had named it.

In the weeks that followed, we heard the 'howl in the wilderness' on several occasions, on an average of twice a week, emanating from varying distances from our residence. But knowing what to expect, we almost always had a crack at 'our competitor in the field of healing', and laughed it away. In fact on several occasions when the exorcism took place at close distances and we heard the initial growls, we waited eagerly for the shriek and followed it up with "There it goes. One demon less on the face of the earth." On one occasion Vijay, who was sitting on the verandah, on hearing the lady growl, gave a loud call "Eee...yaa...hoo..." which almost resembled the real thing and brought about several raised eyebrows from villagers who passed our residence the following day.

Our relationship with people in the village soon grew closer. The villagers expressed their gratitude for the work we had done by sending us gifts in the form of fruits and vegetables they had grown in their fields. Kamla almost became a member of the household. She would recount tales of her childhood, her wedding to the deaf-mute and the woes of making two ends meet, seated on the doorstep of our residence. Very often, she brought her two kids and allowed them to play around our quarters while she went about her daily chores. The kids and their antics added to the variety in our life.

"Eee....yaa...hoo..." the call rang out through the night, very close to our house.

"By Jove," Vijay exclaimed "She has a practice far exceeding that of some of our colleagues in Bombay."

In his usual way, Atul said, "It is not the medicine that matters to the patient, but the availability of a cure. As long as she is harmless and the people are content, there is no reason why all of us cannot live together in peaceful co-existence." This was about a fortnight before our posting was to come to an end.

Two days later, Kamla did not turn up for work. Her husband himself delivered the water at our doorstep but was unable to tell us why she failed to turn up. This was rather surprising considering her cent-per-cent attendance to date. Later in the afternoon, Kamla herself turned up.

"I am sorry I could not come, sir," she said. "My youngest son is unwell." We expressed concern, remembering the clumsy kid, a year and a half old, who used to play on our verandah. Atul was in the dispensary attending to a few patients.

"Don't worry," I said, "Get him over and ask the doctor in the clinic to examine him. If he continues to be ill tomorrow, you may take a day's off."

KAMLA'S CHILD

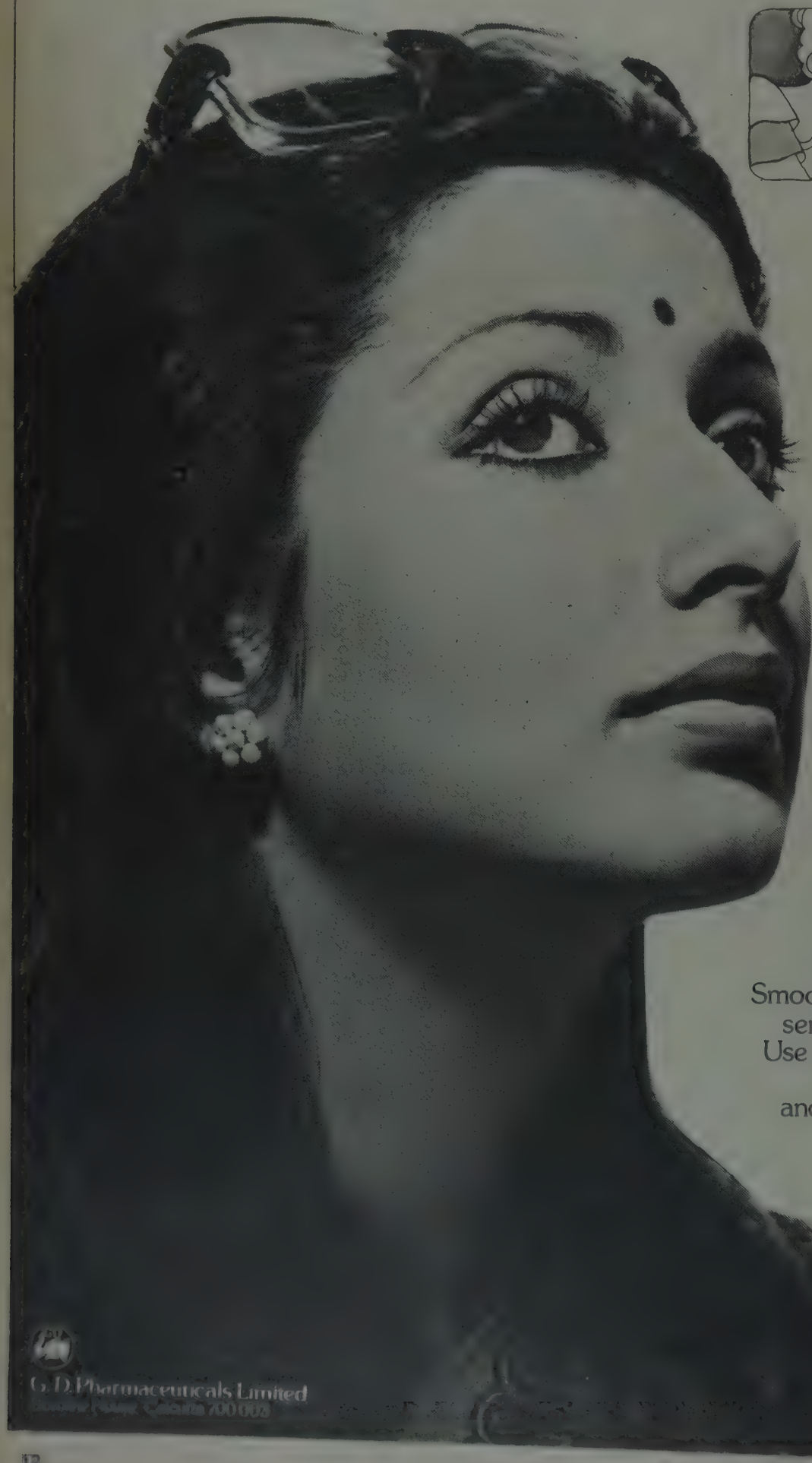
The next morning too, she was nowhere to be seen. Her deaf-mute husband was also not around and we had our first experience of drawing water from the village well and carrying it to the quarters ourselves, watched by the astonished villagers. Somehow, we never attached serious importance to the absence of the otherwise regular husband-wife team.

In the evening, we sent the Health Centre's peon to find out what the trouble was at Kamla's.

He came back with disquieting news. "Kamla's child is seriously unwell, sir. He is running

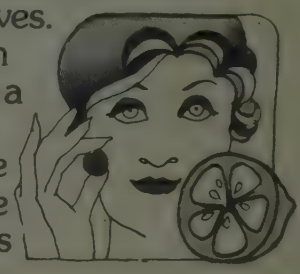
Continued on Page 47

Every day your skin is open to attack. Protect it these four ways.



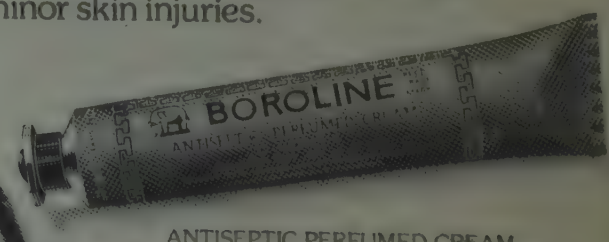
1 In spite of what anyone says, the old 'soap and water' scrub works wonders for any skin. If stale dirt accumulates overnight, the pores of your skin get clogged and rashes or pimples may begin to appear. Rinse with tepid water to clean out all the pores. Then splash cold water on your skin to tauten it.

2 Your skin needs an occasional bracer. Nature offers lots of alternatives. Try rubbing a slice of lemon over your skin. Or apply a 'besan' paste, let it dry and then wash off. Or just use grandma's traditional recipe —a little 'haldi' in a few drops of milk before your bath.



3 There's nothing like a bit of exercise to make the skin glow. All it needs is a regular limber-up in the bathroom every morning. And while you're about it, do try to avoid eating too many fried foods and sweets. They tend to bring out all those ugly rashes and pimples.

4 Don't forget your daily Boroline routine. Smooth in this gentle, medicated cream into all the sensitive areas and rough patches of your skin. Use it every day and just before you go to bed. Boroline helps prevent dryness, chapping and rashes. It also acts as a gentle antiseptic for minor skin injuries.



ANTISEPTIC PERFUMED CREAM

BOROLINE

Protects your skin

G. D. Pharmaceuticals Limited

THE RIGHT NOT TO BE BORN

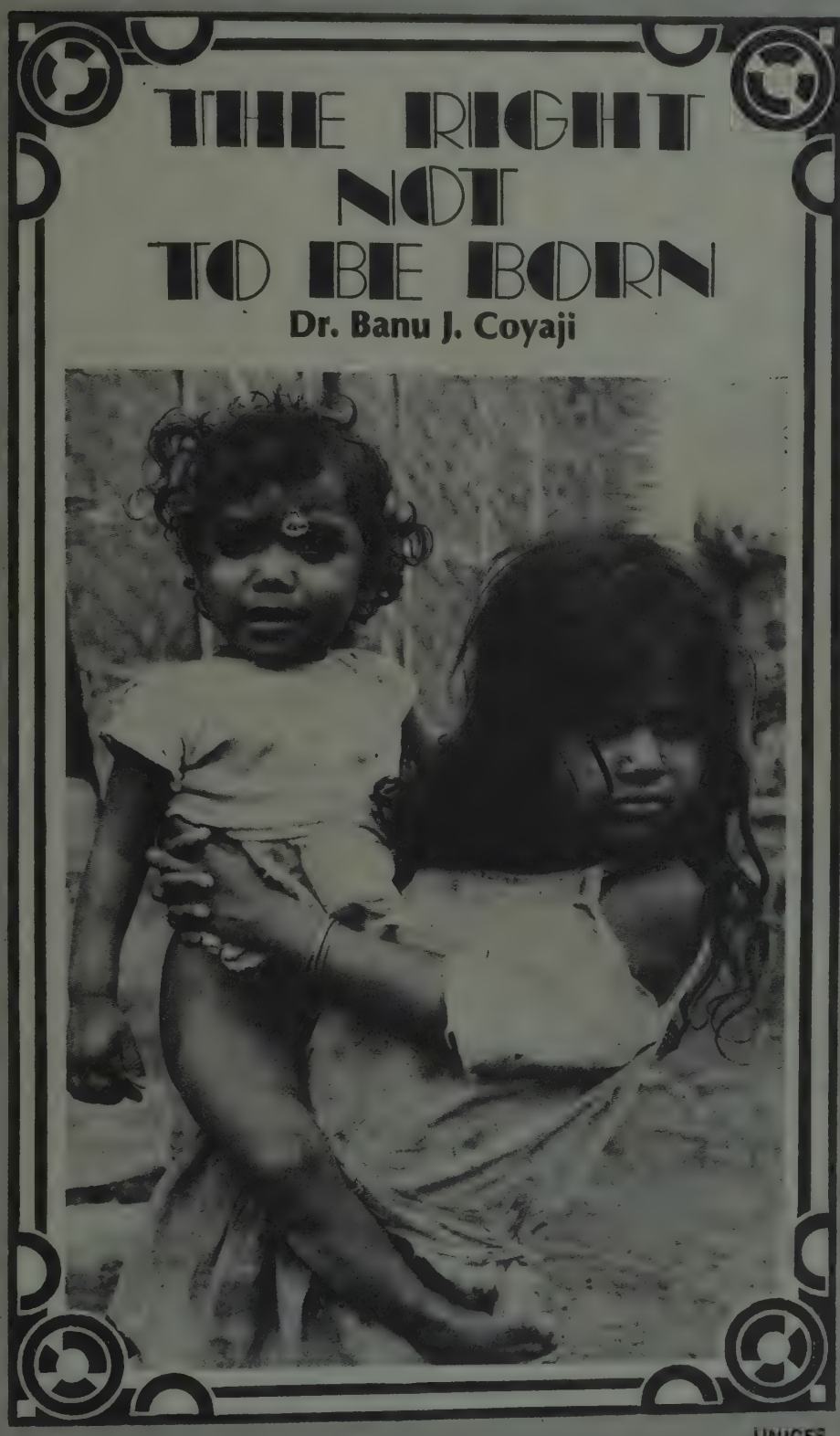
Dr. Banu J. Coyaji

India has inaugurated the International Year of the Child with great enthusiasm. The theme is "Reaching the Deprived Child". An ambitious programme has been drawn. The National Children's Board has been reconstituted under the chairmanship of the Prime Minister with a broad-based membership involving all aspects of child welfare and interest.

The I.Y.C. is not going to be viewed as a one-year affair, but as a "springboard for a vigorous and continued action during the rest of the century". It is heartening to note that unlike the International Woman's Year, which achieved practically nothing for the women of India, the goals and objectives of the Year of the Child have been spelled out and a prospective plan for the next two decades is being evolved so that these goals will be achieved by December 31, 1999.

These are undoubtedly very laudable objectives. But will they be fulfilled? After all, what is being aimed at in the next twenty years is nothing new. The needs of children and our duties towards them are enshrined in our constitution. Article 39 among other things guarantees "the care, protection and provision of adequate facilities for the development of its future citizens".

Yet, what is the condition of the child in India in 1979 — a full 32 years after Independence? There are few countries in the world which present a grimmer picture of poverty, malnutrition, ignorance and exploitation of children than India. Infant mortality is among the highest in the world — 122 per 1,000 live births. Out of 230 million children 185 million, i.e. 81 per cent, live in rural India where the mortality is 131 per 1,000 as compared to 81 per 1,000 in towns. More than one in four of our children die before they reach adulthood. Children under five constitute 17 per cent of the population, yet 40 per cent of the total deaths occur among them. A recent UNICEF report states that half of our child population is predisposed to malnutrition and infection even before birth. According to an I.C.M.R. report at least 60 per cent of all children between one and six years of age suffer from nutritional anaemia and protein-calorie malnutrition. This is not surprising. More than 40 per cent of our children live below the poverty line. More than 60 million children go through life with impaired physical and mental faculties. This does not even begin to consider the lack of even primary education, the problems of child labour, child abuse, delinquency and a myriad other woes from which our children, "the world's most precious resource", suffer.



UNICEF

A shattering look of accusation. Underfed, underclothed, uneducated, with little hope of a better future. A growing up amid negatives of every kind. "Were we brought into the world for this?" say the eyes. Society looks away. It doesn't have an answer.

What is the reason for this dismal state of affairs? There are many. Undoubtedly one of the most important is "too many mouths to feed". Let there be no mistake that even with the best will in the world the plans for the Year of the Child will remain dreams unless priority is given to the most serious problem facing the nation today — the population growth rate and the set back to the family planning programme which, if not reversed promptly, will witness an increase in the present birth rate of 33 per 1,000 in the not too distant future.

The plan of action bemoans the woeful inadequacy of maternal and child health services. It wishes to bring down maternal and infant mortality by a modest 5 per cent. It has no doubt that malnutrition is "the biggest single contribution to child morbidity and mortality". Yet the amazing fact in the whole exercise is that the basic cause for the high mortality, morbidity and malnutrition — the high fertility — is lost sight of and scant attention is given to bringing down this high fertility.

Family planning is as important a pre-requisite to good health as clean drinking water, nutrition and sanitation. The maternal mortality is still 5.67 per 1,000 — twenty to thirty times higher than in the developed world. This does not take into account the chronic ill health due to malnutrition, anaemia, avitaminosis and infection — the direct result of poverty and starvation.

"Uncontrolled fertility directly threatens the health of mothers and children and may undermine the health of other members of the family" (Newland). The health and well being of our women and children

Continued on page 23

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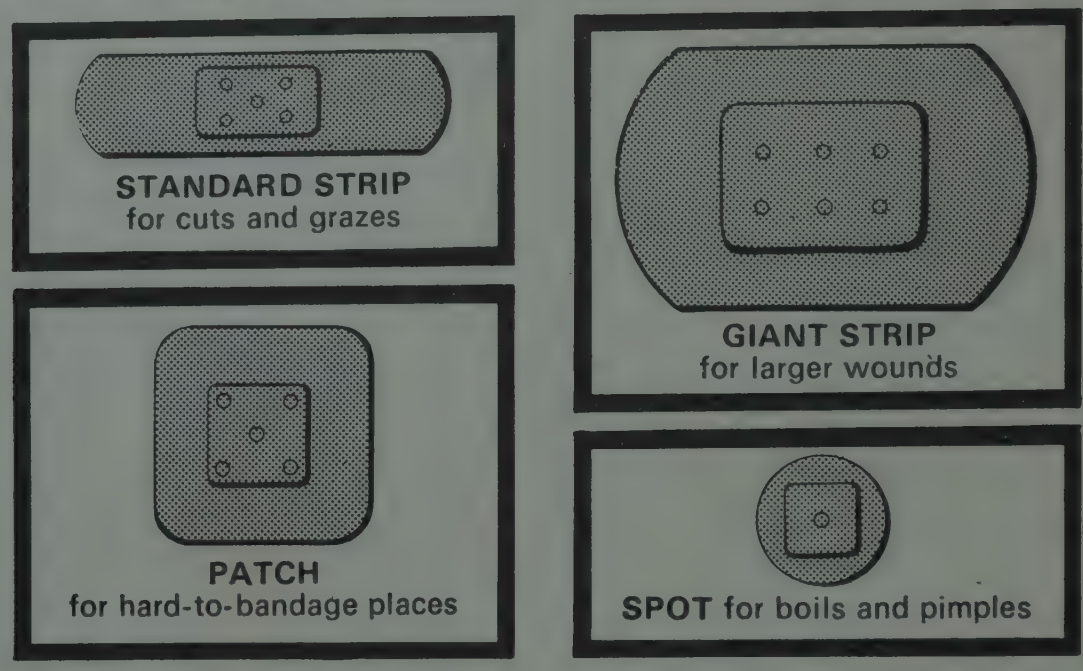

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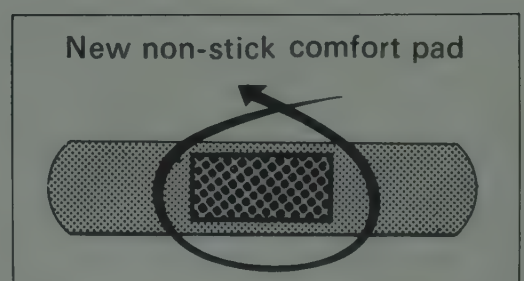

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PASSING THROUGH

IAN AND SHELLE

A SONG BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER

THEY WON EACH OTHER'S HEARTS WITH A SONG. NOW THEY SING TOGETHER WINNING THE HEARTS OF THEIR WORLDWIDE FANS

Ian and Shelle—as Mervyn and Michelle DeSouza are popularly known in the world of show biz — are the perfect foil for each other. Meeting them, lounging at the pool side of the Oberoi Sheraton Hotel, they seemed so different from the performing couple of the night before, entrancing audiences at the Supper Club. Yet there was something similar — Ian's quiet, winning ways, and Shelle's sense of humour.

Ian left his hometown is Singapore when he was 16, and went to Australia where he studied for his priesthood, "but changed my mind before I took the vows. The reason ? I liked the girls too much". Then he studied art for six years. "I had to pay my fee, and the only way I knew how was to start singing." So, he teamed up with three other Asian boys, signing at night clubs and performing on TV. When after a year they left to go back home, Ian continued singing solo, "just accompanied by my guitar". His favourites in those days, and to a large extent even today, are folk songs.

Where does Michelle fit in? "She has been singing and modelling since she was 16, and was one of the top six models in West Australia — and I was a fan of hers," introduced the proud husband. Shelle took over from here. "I too had heard his singing on TV and had admired him as much as he did me. But we'd never met. When I had a show or recording on TV, it never coincided with his. This went on for six years. Then I applied for a job at the same club where he was singing, and....." Well, they met, and fell in love.

"There was this favourite LP of mine", Ian said. "it was by Ian and Sylvia, those famous Canadian folk singers. I had lent it to a friend, who had passed it on to another — you know how things have a habit of going from one person to another. I had given up all hopes of ever tracing it back. And you know who of all the persons in the world had it? Michelle!" Their favourite song was not only from this very LP, but was also the same number— "If tomorrow wasn't such a long time". At the club where they had discovered each other, they tried it out together and found their voices blended superbly.

From then on they took to pairing up as "Ian and Shelle", got top star billing on TV, and thereafter started travelling, performing in Europe, Africa, Mid-East and Asia. The two learnt a lot from each other. While Ian was the confident one, it was Shelle who got him to work without a guitar. She, on the other hand, was highly nervous, and had a small voice. He gave her vioce training, breathing lessons and poise. Ian received his formal training, under the guidance of a Russian opera singer, and he is putting his professionalized style to good use. Along with Shelle, whenever he spots latent talent, they get to work on the person. Grooming, preparing and grounding him for entry into show biz. That's among one of the many things they plan taking up seriously, once they settle down in Australia again.

Shelle has a highly expressive face. "I would love to do a musical comedy, given the chance," she says. Meanwhile, they keep singing, with a repertoire of hundreds of songs, many of them their own adaptation into the local language of the country they are singing in. A hot favourite with the Arabs was the Arabic version of "Man smart, woman smarter". The languages they sing in are varied — from Chinese to Italian, Arabic to English, Spanish to Indonesian, and German to Urdu.

Rehearsals are erratic. They may not practise for weeks, but when something new comes their way, they work at it practically round the clock. Here, Benny Rozario, who they think is not getting due recognition in this country, is also writing some music for them. Both having undergone the experience personally, agree that you rarely get the recognition due to you unless you leave your country and make a name elsewhere.

In spite of their repertoire of numbers ranging from "La Bamba" and "When the Saints go marching. . ." to renditions from **Hair** and **Superstar,** they stll believe that love songs will continue to remain top favourites "as long as there is this feeling in the world. It gives us such a beautiful sensation to be singing those numbers and finding practically everyone out there either holding hands or getting misty eyed. In Lebanon we did a duo rendition of "And I love you so", the first time ever. It went off so beautifully that the switchboard at the TV station was jammed for an hour, with requests for more of the same kind. And to think it was a number that we were not too sure would go well as a duet," Shelle says.

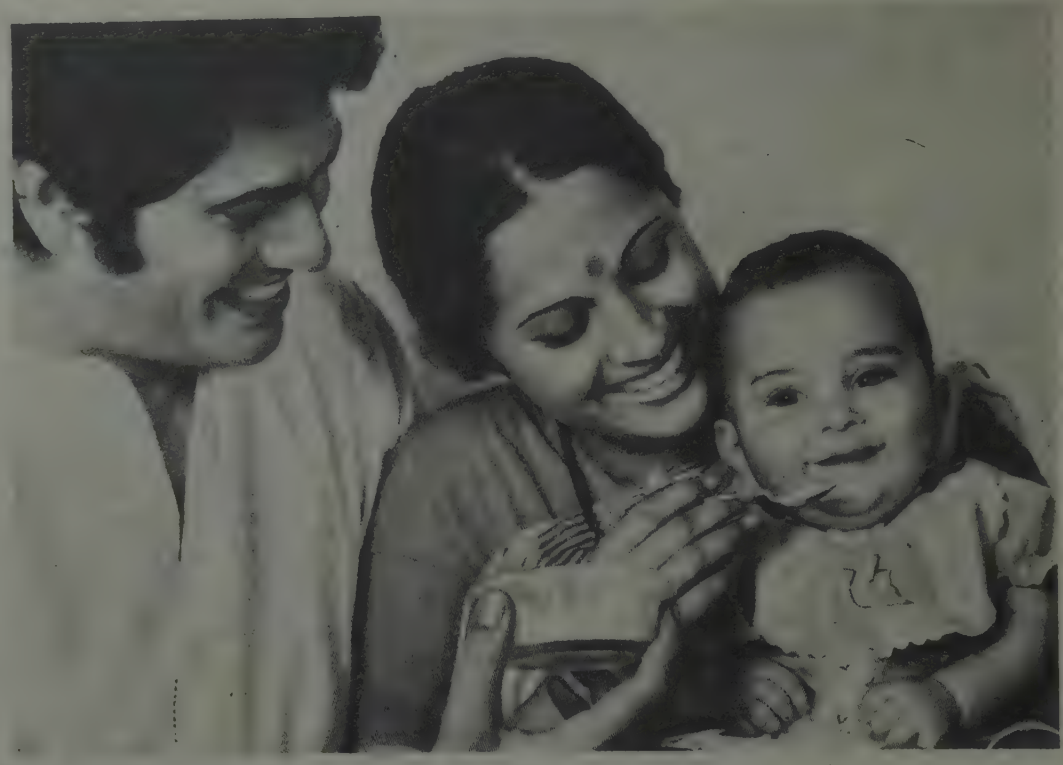
"We'd like to settle down in another 2-3 years. That would make it 12 years on the move for us. By then Samantha, (their 2½ year old) will be ready for school, and then we will devote all our time to her, and the other children we plan to have ," says the mother.

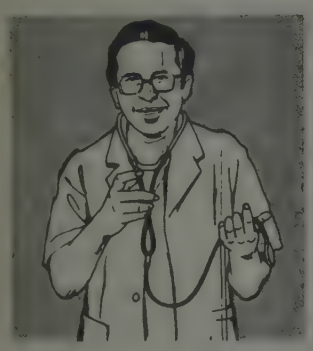
"Yes, Samantha has suffered a bit on account of our lifestyle, but kids are very adaptable, and she has settled into this pattern. She's learnt Arabic and Egyptian, (and as if to prove her point, Samantha greeted me in Arabic), and sits back-stage during our shows. Yes, she also sings," Shelle added. And the daughter obliged with her special numbers — a couple of nursery rhymes!

From Bombay, this singing sensation goes to Cairo. . . and then on to. . . and wherever they go, they'll continue to win new friends and admirers.

Amita Sarwal

After 3 months, milk alone is not enough.





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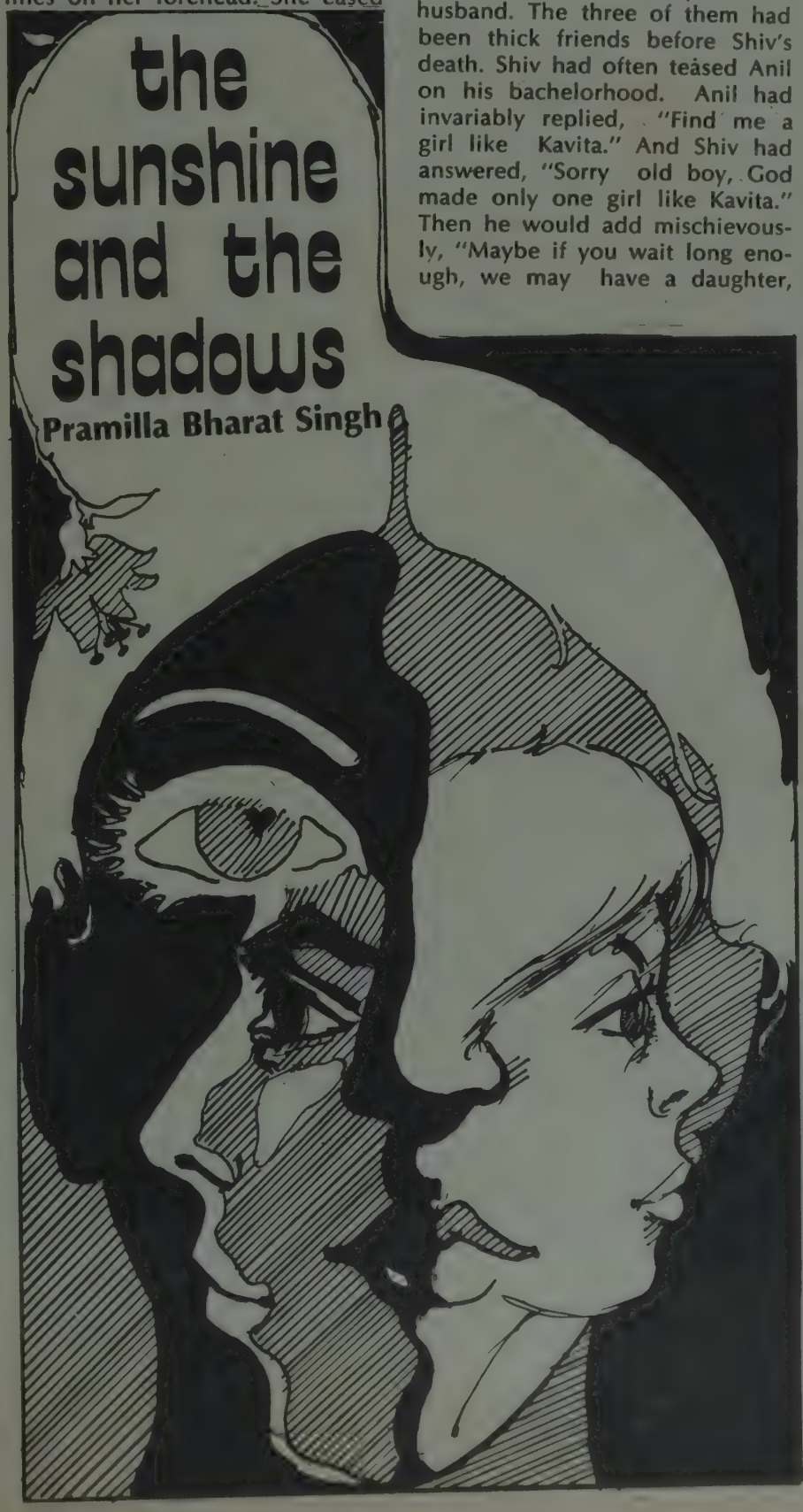
the sunshine and the shadows

Pramilla Bharat Singh



SHE WAS A YOUNG WAR WIDOW WITH A GROWING SON. SHE WAS PUZZLED AND WORRIED BY HIS BEHAVIOUR OF LATE

KAVITA looked out of the window. It was good to see the sun after four days of continuous rainfall. Everything seem to have an added sparkle, the bougainvillea, gulmohar and the tall yellow and red cannas. There was colour everywhere, gladness filled her soul, and a song rose to her lips.

Suddenly a young figure rushed into the room. It was her son Vikram, aged ten. Seeing his face the song died on her lips. She dropped the bedcover and ran to his side.

"Why Vicky, what is the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"You were singing," he said accusingly.

"Vicky!" She stared at him. But he had rushed to the bathroom. The door closed violently behind him.

Slowly Kavita got up from her kneeling position. She sat on the bed. Why had her song upset Vicky? True, it was nearly two years since any type of music had been heard in this house. Two years since her husband had died, courageously, bravely at front. A major in the tank corps who had been awarded an M.V.C.

Shiv had loved singing and their little son had often joined unharmoniously with them. Had her song upset her son? Maybe he still grieved over the loss of his father. They both grieved for him, each in their own different way. She had been wrong in believing that children forget sooner.

She went into the kitchen and began preparing his breakfast and tiffin for school. Thank God it was her off day, otherwise her boss would surely have found fault with his otherwise efficient secretary.

So preoccupied was she with her thoughts that she did not notice her son entering the dining room. He rattled his spoon against the plate.

"Hello beta, all ready for school?" she said. She loved him so much. He was all she had left of Shiv.

"Don't want my tiffin," he mumbled as he bit into his toast.

Kavita was now really worried. Vicky loved his food. Was he ill? Quickly she touched his forehead. It was cool to her touch.

"Vicky, son, are you all right?"

He removed her hand, "Don't fuss, mummy. I am a grown up boy now."

Kavita held her silence. Yes, her son was growing up. He had never replied back to her before. She felt tears fill her eyes. Quickly she got up. A horn blew loudly outside. It was the school bus.

After his departure she toyed with her own breakfast. Something had upset her son. As she drank her coffee she decided she would visit his school. Perhaps his teacher could throw some light on Vicky's unusual behaviour.

As she draped the saree around her slim figure she studied her face in the mirror. A thin face with large eyes, a long nose and wide full lips. She had always been thin but in the last two years she had lost even more weight. There were worry lines on her forehead. She eased them out gently. Vicky was still young. Nothing in their lives could go so wrong that she could not tackle it. Those early days had been bad but she had learned not to show weakness. Had she not to be mother and father to Vicky? Father! Why had she not thought of it before! Anil Verma was on leave. He was a contemporary of her husband. The three of them had been thick friends before Shiv's death. Shiv had often teased Anil on his bachelorhood. Anil had invariably replied, "Find me a girl like Kavita." And Shiv had answered, "Sorry old boy, God made only one girl like Kavita." Then he would add mischievously, "Maybe if you wait long enough, we may have a daughter, then. . ." And the friends would laugh.

She quickly dialled his number.

"Anil, can you come over?"

"Madam, you have only to ask. I will be there. Give me half an hour."

"No Anil, make it fifteen minutes. I have to go to school later on."

When Anil arrived Kavita hurriedly gave him a gist of the morning's happenings.

"What he needs is a male around," Anil said finally.

"Male," echoed Kavita.

"Yes, a father figure. Say, like myself," his tone grew serious.

"Anil," Kavita got up agitatedly. "Haven't I enough on my hands without your adding to my problems? Be serious please," she beseeched.

"I am serious Kavita. I was always serious. Marry me and all your problems will become mine." Anil lit a cigarette. Now it was out. His secret of eight years, ever since he had met her as Shiv's wife. Had Shiv known?

"Anil," she pleaded. "You have always been our friend. I am asking about Vikram. Can you suggest something?"

"Kavita, let's see it this way. Vikram is growing up. He is nearly eleven now. Maybe he wants to make his own decisions. Like what he wants to eat. If he doesn't need lunch on a particular day, well. . . he wants to assert his rights as an individual. Let him grow up."

Kavita listened intently. It made sense. Her heart lightened. She felt happy once more.

"Anil, you are such a dear. Thank you so much," she smiled bewitchingly at him.

"Kavita, I was not joking." At his words the smile slowly died on her lips.

He got up, tall and well built. They had both been of the same build. Kavita's heart contracted at the thought of Shiv. Anil was also dear to her. Could she. . .

She must have time to think.

"Look, young man," she tried to speak severely. "You go to your work and I will attend to my unfinished business — Vicky."

Anil stood up briskly, "OK Madam, today is yours. Tomorrow we shall see." He left with an audacious smile.

At school Kavita received her second jolt of the day.

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as she said, "Mrs. Singh, I am actually very glad that you have come to see me. I have been worried about Vikram's work for the past fortnight. He is fidgety and restless in class, pays no attention to any subject and comes everyday without his homework done. I thought maybe you were unwell or had gone out of station and that was why Vikram's work has been neglected. As you know, he is one of our top students. We did not give much attention to his behaviour, but now. . ."

That evening Kavita tackled her son. But Vikram remained obtuse. He was all right. Of course he paid attention in class and his homework was done — or nearly always.

Lies. For the first time Kavita wanted to slap her son hard. Shiv's son and lying.

"Vicky, you know you are telling me a lie." She watched him intently.

Silence. She tried another line. "Vicky, would you like to see 'The cowboys come to town'?" His face brightened at her words. "Uncle Anil is here. He will book our tickets for Sunday." His face closed in again.

"I don't want to go to the pictures. I have a cricket match for that day," he spoke into his books.

Kavita knew he lied. Vicky never missed a cowboy movie. She moved away. Today was not her lucky day.

In the days that followed Kavita found that her luck seemed to have deserted her completely. Vicky not only seemed to grow away from her, he was losing weight.

Even Anil could not cheer up the lad. Whenever he came over Vikram just disappeared either to his friend's house next door, another war widow like herself with two sons, or pretended to be engrossed in the T.V. There was no breaking down is reserve. Anil consoled her, "Let him be. Give him time to think over his problems. You will see everything will smooth itself with time."

Kavita looked at him with affection. He had been such a help to her. Soon his leave would be over. She would miss him. If only. . . But there was still the problem of Vikram.

It was Anil's last day of leave. He rang up in the morning.

"Where is Vicky?"

"In his room," replied Kavita.

"Call him."

"Why?"

"Madam, you will know later. Call him." Kavita shouted to her son over the phone.

"Vicky, Uncle Anil on the phone." she handed him the phone. A few moments later he pushed the phone back into her hands.

"Your turn now." he said rudely. "Anil, why have you annoyed Vicky?" She said.

"Annoyed? Don't be silly. We are going to see a movie togeter and later dinner at Yorks. I just wanted to know which movie he would like to see. Be ready. Six o'clock. Bye."

The line went dead. Kavita frowned, Anil's voice had also been serious and abrupt. What had gone wrong between these two now?

How wrong things had gone was brought sharply to Kavita two hours later.

Vicky complained of severe stomach ache just as she was going in for her bath and change.

She rang up Dr. Gupta who luckily lived close by. He came within ten minutes. Kavita watched anxiously as he examined her son.

"Doctor," she asked worriedly. "Is he very ill?"

The doctor looked kindly at the young woman before him. Not yet thirty and all the cares of the world on her shoulders. He wished to help her.

"Mrs. Singh, your son is not really unwell. He does have a stomach upset but not of a serious nature." He took the proferred cup of coffee.

"Then?" The word hung in the air.

"I am afraid your son is more mentally than physically upset. If you could get to the bottom of that. . ." his words were cut short as Anil hurried into the room.

"What happened?" he asked.

Dr. Gupta knew Anil. He related all that he had told Kavita and added, "Maybe you can help."

But Vicky seemed fast asleep and Anil left without saying good-bye to him. To Kavita he said, "I am going. Look after yourself and him. And Kavita," he added as he sat astride his mobike, "think over what I suggested to you some days ago."

Tears gathered in her eyes as she watched the receding red light. If only Anil had had some more leave.

She heard her son call out. She hurried back to him.

"Mummy," he clung to her hand, "you didn't go away?"

"Of course not. How could I? In any case you are ill and uncle had to catch the night train..." His sobs cut across her words. She gathered him in her arms.

"Vicky, my baby, tell mummy what is worrying you?" she asked softly.

"You won't get angry," he asked brokenly. "Of course not," she held him closer.

"Mummy, Surjit was saying you are going to marry Uncle Anil."

At last the words were out. Kavita looked down at the tousled head. Surjit was the boy next door. How much had he poisoned her son's mind?

"Look at me, Vikram." Gently she raised his face. "Do you like Uncle Anil?"

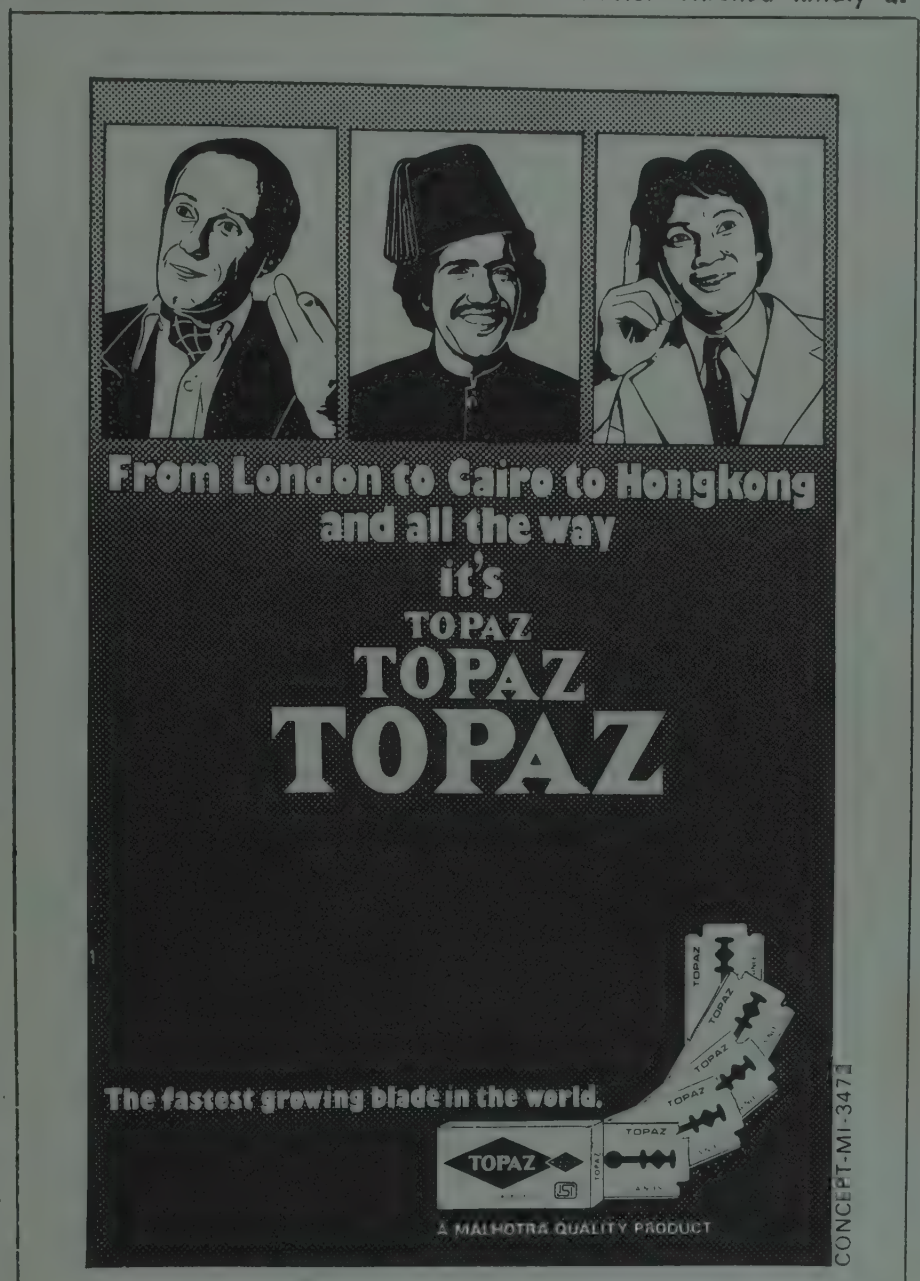
"Yes," he whispered back.

"But you don't want him as a father, is that it?" There was firmness in her tone now. It was a tone his father had used whenever he had wanted an honest answer from his little son.

"Yes mummy." Mother and son looked deeply into each other's eyes. That moment they both grew older.

"Then Vicky, he will always remain as your Uncle. I promise you." Vicky clung tightly to his mother. His sobs had subsided. The tablet seemed to be taking effect again. Within minutes he was fast asleep. Gently Kavita covered him up with his sheet and went into her own room. She did not put on the light.

"My son," she whispered, "may the sunshine be always yours." For a moment it seemed as if Anil's eyes mocked her. Anil would have to remain in the shadows. He would never know how right he had been. Vikram had grown up but not in the way he had visualized. Or had he? That was something she would never know.



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BUNTY:

"I want to be better than father"

Suchita Mozumdar

He is now a pleasing middle-age but still reminiscent strongly of the Rajendra Kumar of **Vachan.** His son Bunty, now Kumar Gaurav, sits across the room.

His first film is under way, starring opposite Vijayita Pandit (also her first film) — **Love Story.** "Of course I am nervous. I was nervous in front of the camera at first, but now not so much. Now I'm just nervous about the release of the film, what people will say, whether it will be a success. . ." His earnestness is broken off with a smile.

"But I worry," interrupts Rajendra Kumar, laughing. "Firstly, as a father — it matters a lot that my son is a success in his chosen career. And secondly, as a producer I have quite a stake in this film and I want it to be a success." Just as I am wondering about the relative emphasis on the financial considerations than on young Bunty's personal success, his father says. "It isn't just the question of a father caring about a son's success. Being. . . uh. . . being in the public eye so much myself I am concerned about Bunty's success."

Does it bother Bunty that people may keep comparing his performance with his father's? Does it bother him that his first film may have a decisive bearing on his career?

"No. . . people don't. I mean they may compare me with my father in the beginning but not after that."

Rajendra Kumar cuts in. "How many people today compare Rishi or Randhir Kapoor to Raj Kapoor or, for that matter, Raj-ji to Prithviraj Kapoor. . ." He looks at Bunty, smiling.

"And as for myself, I think I have to be one up on my father. I have to be better than him," says Bunty.

The father looks proudly at his son, smiles a little, laughs a little, and all the while looks happily proud.

"And a first film. . ." Bunty continues, a little doubt in his voice, "I. . ."

"No," his father interrupts firmly. "It may or may not decide his future career. I was lucky and my first film was a success and I was lucky always thereafter. But see so many great actors — Manoj Kumar, Amitabh Bachchan, even, I think, Dilip Kumar — whose first films were not successful and yet what a success they made later. And there are others, a success at first and later forgotten. . ."

Did he ever advise his son to follow in his footsteps, join films, either acting or directing? "No," he answers, "no. . ."

"No," butts in Bunty. "I wanted to be lots of things when I was young," laughing, remembering, "but for quite some time I have known I wanted to be in films only. It's probably the influence all around, generally. Unconscious influence."

"When he told me he wanted to drop out of college in his third year, and join films, I said fine, but you know it's not a bed of roses! It's hard work. If you don't keep it up you'll be left behind. . . Yes, it is easier for him than it was for me when I joined. But it is just the introduction that is easy. Success will be as tough, require as much hard work."

Bunty worked as assistant director to Raj Kapoor in **Satyam Shivam Sundaram** for two years. Though he received offers from other directors after that, including from G. P. Sippy for **Ahsas,** he decided he would like to act. And so **Love Story** — a rather impossible story of two young people who run away from home, are picked up by the police, and then escape from the police, handcuffed together.

"Of course it's a happy ending," grinned Bunty. Rajendra Kumar plays Bunty's father.

No it doesn't matter to Rajendra that he isn't young any longer. "That will be foolish. I am no longer a teenager, I'll be crazy to play teenage roles. A man must be graceful, age gracefully, give in to inevitable circumstances gracefully. . . Now it's my son's turn to star." There was again that hint of pride in his voice.

Does Bunty try to pattern himself on his father as an actor? Or any other actor? Does he want to? Both laugh. Then after a thoughtful silence, Bunty says, "I am taking tuitions daily from Roshan Tarneja." That doesn't really answer my question.

"He used to get very irritated with my acting when he was younger. He said I wept all the time." Rajendra Kumar looks hugely amused. "Bunty's favourite actor was Johnny Walker."

Bunty smiles abstractedly. "Yes, I didn't like all that sorrow and the tears and. . ." he gestures vaguely with his hands, frowning. It seems his dislike isn't altogether forgotten. "And I rarely saw his films anyway. I liked Johnny Walker and 'action' films."

If others criticized him? "I used to get irritated maybe, but I don't remember really. . . And now of course it's different. I understand the industry and understand the meaning of criticism."

Their preferences in cinema show only one strong basic similarity — a strong emphasis on the story. They choose films on the basis of the story. Beyond that, Rajendra Kumar has a preference for emotional stories highlighting 'human values'. "I have of late acted in a few 'action' films, but it has been mainly because of the times, the trend in films today. I don't like violent films. Many films while seeming to denounce violence in fact glorify it."

Bunty is vague. "I like any kind of films. I'm not sure. . ." And roles? "I'm. . . I don't know. I haven't thought of 'images' and what not. I like anything now. Maybe preferences will develop later. . ."

That makes sense. **Love Story** is his first film. It is also Rajendra Kumar's first independent production. Why didn't he chose to direct the film himself instead of asking director Rahul Rawail? "I don't know all aspects of a film yet, though I have acted in so many. As a producer I will learn a lot. I want to direct, yes. I should say I want to go back to directing since my introduction to films was as assistant director to Rahul's father, H. S. Rawail."

With a glorious past behind him and an eagerly awaited future, Rajendra Kumar still doesn't appear to be just a film man. He comes across more as a person.

And they both project their relationship — father and son, respectful, loving. Old fashioned.

Photograph : Sanil

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THE RIGHT NOT TO BE BORN

Continued from page 13

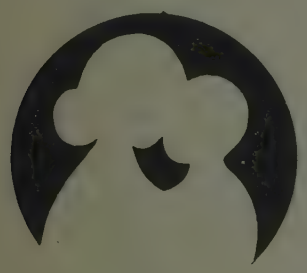
cannot be ensured unless women are prevented from bearing children "too early, too late, too many and too close".

Teenage mothers and mothers after 35 have a much higher mortality and an even higher infant mortality. The number of children a woman bears directly affects her health. The first child has a slightly higher risk — the second and third are safest. After the third child, maternal deaths, stillbirths, infant deaths and childhood deaths rise and still more steeply after the fifth child. This is only one side of the picture. Children in impoverished large families suffer from malnutrition. This is not surprising. The food intake per head must necessarily be lower than in members of smaller families with the same income. The latest to be born are usually the worst hit and unlike the older children they suffer this deprivation during their most vulnerable years. It is sad but true that female children suffer the most. Female infanticide might have been stopped but there is reason to believe that female children are allowed to die with neglect.

Rao and Gopalan in the Hyderabad study found that 61 per cent of all severely undernourished children they saw were of the fourth or later birth order. They calculate that even without improvement in income, food availability or medical care "the limitation of the family size to three children would bring down the incidence of the severe forms of protein calorie malnutrition by at least 60 per cent". Poverty and excessive fertility produce a vicious cycle. Fearing that children will not survive, parents produce more children causing more maternal ill health and infant mortality and again more birth. This is the dismal world of our mothers and children.

India is a party to the U.N. Declaration of the Rights of the Child — the right to grow and develop in health, the right to adequate nutrition, housing, education, recreation, medical care, protection against all forms of neglect, exploitation, etc. Three decades after attaining freedom we have not been able to fulfil any of these rights — not even the basic right of survival. What business have we to bring children into the world if we cannot do this? How can we "cherish our children"? How can we "reach the deprived child"?

Children demand one basic right in this Year of the Child — THE RIGHT NOT TO BE BORN.



MITHOO'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Raja and Rani were two blue budgies. They lived in a large cage. They had plenty of seeds to eat and fresh water to drink. Mithoo was a green parrot who lived next door. Raja, Rani, and Mithoo were great friends. They knew how to say "Hullo!" and "Good Morning" and "Thank You". So they thought themselves to be very grand. They never spoke to the other birds, Chi-Chi the sparrow, and Mikir the myna. "Mmf!" they would snort. "We are too busy to talk to common birds like you!"

One day, it was Mithoo's birthday. She called Raja and Rani over for a party. "There will be heaps of things to eat," she cried. "Come early, and we will have a fine time."

"Please, Mithoo," asked Chi-Chi. "May we come too? It is winter now, and we are very hungry."

"What?" shrieked Mithoo. "Call such dirty birds like you to my party? You must be crazy! "And, laughing rudely, she flew back into her house.

Chi-Chi nearly burst into tears. "Don't cry, Chi-Chi," said Mikir. "I've got a splendid idea." He whispered it in her ear. and soon both of them were chuckling.

Next day, at four o'clock in the evening, Raja and Rani flew over to Mithoo's house. There were ripe berries and 'kismis' to eat, besides a huge plateful of seeds. "Hello. Mithoo," cried Raja. "Happy Birthday!" cried Rani. "Thank you," replied Mithoo. "Won't you sit down?"

Just then, there came horrid noises from outside the window. "BOW-WOW!" "Mrreaowww!" "Grrr!" "Hisss Psst ..." "Grrr!"

Mithoo turned quite pale. "The dog from next door!" gasped Raja. "He's chasing a cat!" "Oh!" gasped Rani. "What if they see us! They'll gobble us up in a jiffy!" And she began to sob.

"Come on, let us hide!" Mithoo cried. "I know of a good place." Shaking with tear, the birds flew away, and hid themselves inside a cupboard.

Meanwhile...

"Come on!" cried Mikir. "The coast is clear, Chi Chi. What a lovely spread!" he gasped. "Let's tuck in!" The two birds ate merrily. Halfway through, Chi-Chi stopped and cocked her head. "I think they're coming!" she cried. "Nonsense!" replied Mikir. "I'll scare them away, just wait and see." He took a deep breath and then...

He meaowed!

He growled!

He barked!

He snarled!

Mithoo had just poked her head out of the cupboard, but hearing this din, she dived in again. The three silly birds quaked with fright.

"Come on, let's finish everything!" cried Mikir. Chi-Chi did not need to be told twice. The two birds had a grand feed, and then they flew away.

An hour later, Raja and Rani and Mithoo came out of the cupboard. They were so surprised to see the empty plates. "I wonder where it all went!" said Mithoo, puzzled. "I don't know and I don't care!" yelled Raja angrily. "I'm tired and hungry and sick of your stuffy old cupboard!"

Outside, Mikir and Chi-Chi sat, roaring with laughter as they heard this. "What a lovely trick to play on those stuck-up things!" Chi-Chi said, giggling.

Raja and Rani flew back, tired and hungry. Mithoo sat grumbling to herself. "What a horrid day!" But I think they deserved it, didn't they?

Rita Ganguly

MOODS OF INDIAN WOMEN

The Myths And The Reality

Amelia da Costa

Men and women stand on opposite sides of a one-way window. On the mirror side struts man seeing only his gesticulating self reflected back at him, unaware that there is anything on the other side. On the other side stands woman observing clearly man in all his posturing but unable to realize herself.

It is hardly remarkable then that B. Prabha's exhibition **Moods of an Indian Woman** at the Centaur Gallery should romanticize the situation of the average woman. The woman who gazes upon her image as it is paraded and parodied daily, and accepts her transformation into a brainless robot who acquiesces meekly in the belief of her own inferiority.

In her frenzied attempt to defend the status quo, Prabha employs male ideologies which function not only to reconcile woman to her subordinate role but also to inculcate the belief that they represent an ideal for which it is commendable to strive. The set of 14 paintings depicting woman as fecund, enigmatic, submissive, dependant, patient, humble, emotional, graceful, masochistic, delicate, timorous, limited in capacity, is a pathetic striving for self-respect, self-justification and self-pardon. If the artist perpetuates the myth of the contented woman, if she cannot afford to exorcise ghosts and bust from her conditioned ghettos, it is because to do so would be to acknowledge that for millenia woman has venerated false gods and prostrated herself at empty shrines.

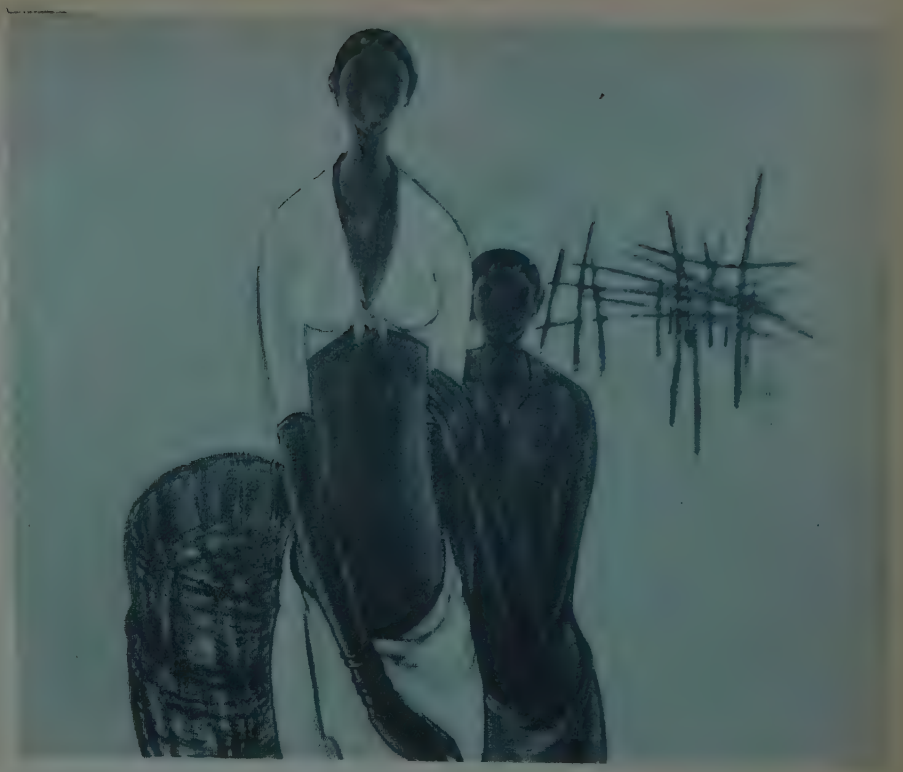
It would be unfair to ignore Prabha the painter while examining the integrity of Prabha the artist. Her popularity with the gallery stroller is easy to comprehend. "People do not have to indulge in mental gymnastics to arrive at an interpretation. There is no effort demanded to identify and analyse. . . My paintings are so figurative, the subjects so apparent that no titles or catalogues are called for." The subjects convey a tedious familiarity — basket weavers, fisherwomen, harvest sowers, grain gleaners, tribal women, alike in their complacency, vacuosity and karmic acceptance of life. The figures are always the focus of attention, landscapes are a mere frame without much attempt at optical scale. Prabha's technique is dominated by pure concavity; where convexities might be ex-

pected to appear on a human body, they are rendered as nodules where concavities converge. She gives to her figures (as do a group of principal styles at Khajuraho) long column-like legs and elongated sinuous bodies with particularly deep clefts in the hollowed backs of the women. Minutiae of anatomy are accounted for in the metaphor of medieval Indian sculpture: bosoms rounded "like golden cups"; lips "full and curved like the petals of the sesamum flower"; brows shaped "like a bow", eyes long like a "willow leaf". Another characteristic, very like medieval Indian sculpture, is the way Prabha treats drapery. She concentrates on shaping the body; clothes follow its contours. Beads of necklaces and girdles contribute a rhythmic element circling in the third dimension. The colours are seldom deliberately evocative of a mood or nuance. The pigments are limited to dense primaries — red, chrome, yellow, acid green being used for every picture in the series. The notable and refreshing exception is the painting unofficially titled **Twins;** a pair of nubile maidens, farouche and emphatic, are given a calculated emotional force by means of a subtle blending of oyster white, dun and olive green.

In refusing to repudiate thousands of years of patriarchal propaganda, in neglecting to remove "God's curse from Eve" as Mary Woolstonecrofts suggested 200 years ago, Prabha is guilty of ignoring the despair, desolation, anguish, amazement, torment and conflict that marks the situation of the woman who can no longer endure the arrogant egoism of men nor countenance in herself the craft and servility which are the necessary complements of the male-female relationship. . .

The woman struggling for an identity by attempting to preserve a certain element of deliberate tentativeness of autonomous choice and convincing herself that the next step is up to her...

The woman torn because, as Simone de Beauvoir analyses, "she refuses to confine herself to her role as female because she will not accept mutilation; but it would also be a mutilation to repudiate her sex for to renounce her feminity is to renounce a part of humanity." The woman aghast that this concept of feminity should be artificially shaped by custom and fashion, that over the facts soars the superstructure of myth, sustained by desires, needs, fears, projecting its own air of plausibility and persuasion, capable of using facts as well as of ignoring and distorting them. . .



The woman rebelling against the expected submissiveness, the automatic Pavlovian response of homage and obedience to anything in trousers. . . The woman rejecting her prepackaged destiny as wife, vassal of man and vessel of his lust. . . The woman indignant that fertility is proof of her womanhood; that the frustrations of her still-born poems and aborted ambitions can be relieved by the ability to mould another being in the name of motherhood. . .

The woman weary of vindicating herself from the 'crime' of deliberately remaining a spinster and salving the wounds inflicted on by a society suspicious of an unowned non-male-oriented female. . .

The woman devastated by the pretense of a certain baby doll sexuality that is only a projection of male dreams. . .

The woman, denied achievement, the belief persisting that women are not intelligent and are incapable of abstract thought, while in reality woman possesses an "intelligence so keen that it can penetrate to the hidden truth through the most formidable wrappings of false semblance". (The incomparable H. L. Mencken.)

The woman suffocated by her vicarious existence, always feeling and living through her family.

And yet the woman proud and courageous. Like the majestic mountain pine, potted and pruned to grotesque dwarfism by a ruthless gardener, the stunted roots and branches of woman's essential being struggle to be free again, to know once more the boundless sky, the unrestricting earth of her native peak.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

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KANAKA SRINIVASAN

PRESERVING THE PURITY OF BHARATA NATYAM

Right from the day she began dancing when she was eight years old, Kanaka Srinivasan has been a complete and willing slave of Bharata Natyam. "It is something that seems to flow in every fibre of my being; I can never tire of dancing." After intense and thorough training under the eagle eye of the famous Vazhuvur Ramaiah Pillai, Kanaka has given

countless public performances all over India. She also visited the forward areas under the Defence Ministry Scheme in 1970. Delhi audiences first saw her in the cultural programme in Asia '72, after which she made further trips to Delhi.

Kanaka, with her troupe of thirty members, also took part in the Kalidasa Festival in Ujjain, where they were twice awarded the Swarna Kalasa — a gigantic rolling trophy, of which a replica in silver is presented to the artiste. She got these awards for her Sanskrit productions **Kumarasambhava** and **Malavikagnimitram,** a proof of her skill at choreographing ballets.

One can confront and overcome difficulties that are caused by some unavoidable circumstances, she says. What is depressing is the discovery that people can be so mean and petty-minded. This is the reason why some dancers are disappointed and disenchanted with dancing as a vocation.

The worst experience, however, is when a friend turns foe, for it shatters one's faith in human nature. Kanaka had just such an experience that led to a court case which was ultimately decided in her favour. This bitter experience followed on the heels of one of Kanaka's major achievements — her attempt to string together some songs of Swathi Thirunaal.

Swathi Thirunaal was a talented Maharaja of Trivandrum who composed exquisite songs on Lord Padmanabha. Kanaka wrought a beautiful dance theme based on these songs and after months of research and hard work she choreographed the **Padmanabha Priyaisi.** It tells of the love-lorn maiden who listens to the slokas of Lord Padmanabha and yearns for his presence. The pangs of separation, her exhortations to her **sakhi** to bring news of Him, her anger at the delay, her anguish and frustration, and her final collapse at the feet of the Lord are skilfully and artistically woven together by Kanaka to form a rich skein of dance pattern. This was presented by Kanaka at the Trivandrum Palace during Navaratri.

The excellence and painstaking detail so impressed the Maharani that she gave a special token of her appreciation. The same programme was presented also at the Swathi Thirunaal Sangeetha Sabha. On the day of the performance, a rude shock awaited Kanaka. A gentleman who had helped her only in the collection of the songs, brought out a brochure in which all the credit was ascribed to him. This hurt Kanaka deeply. About the law-suit she says, "He had no case at all. When he was asked questions about the abhinaya and other aspect of dancing he could not answer at all.

"I am a very careful person now, much wiser and a bit disillusioned," she says. Before her marriage her mother and her brother helped her with the management. After marriage her husband has been a great source of encouragement and support. After the birth of her son, now two-years old, Kanaka has cut down on her performances; rather, she has become more choosy. She does not accept many engagements. Her latest recital was at the FICCI auditorium in Delhi organized by the Nataraja Nritya Gana Sabha. She gave a free performance in aid of the family of the late Tillaiambalam, who was a Bharata Natyam mridangist of great repute.

Kanaka has made one trip abroad, to the East European countries, on a cultural exchange programme. In Russia she captivated her audience with her grace and postural brilliance.

The proudest moment of her life and perhaps the most memorable was when she received the Nritya Chudamani in 1978. This is a very prestigious award given by the Krishna Gana Sabha to the best artiste at the annual dance festival. Many dancers are invited to participate and all the dance forms are represented. It is a coveted trophy indeed, and what thrilled Kanaka most was the fact that she received the award from the hands of Rukmini Devi. "If it had not been for her we could never even have thought of taking up dancing as a career."

Dancing is slightly more lucrative in the North than in the South, but this is offset by the fact that there are more opportunities for dancing in the South. There are about 150 sabhas and there is always some programme or the other going on. Of late, however, drama is gaining an edge over dance.

The audience too has changed, The people want something new and different every time. This has affected the purity of the art, for in an attempt to please the public and arrest the attention, some dancers resort to gimmicks, which often pass as creative or innovative dance.

"There cannot be any true creativity where Bharata Natyam is concerned", says Kanaka. "Everything already exists in the ancient texts. It is for the dancer to look into it and pick out some intricacy. If you create something on your own, it is no longer the traditional Bharata Natyam but something alien. This dance form is so rich that by doing a lot of research you can find new facets to emphasize. So there is no need for gimmicks."

Malati Jaikumar

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Dinoo Vacha

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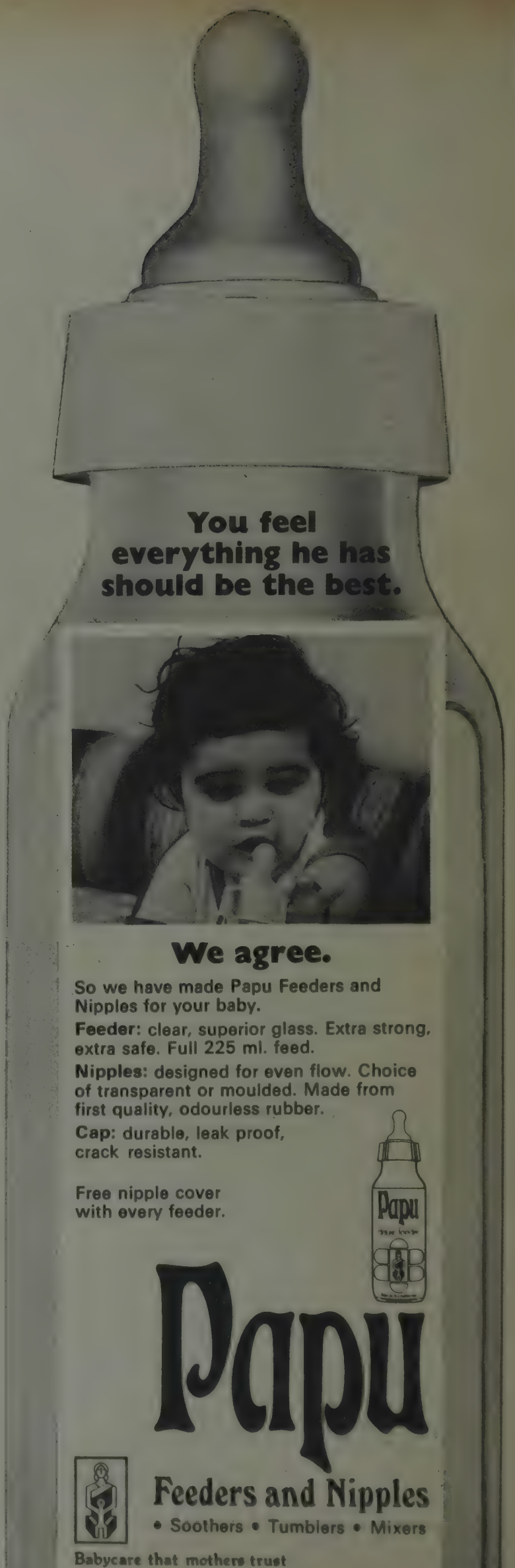

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BED-CUM-TABLE

N. M. Godbole

When children grow up and attend high school or college, they demand a study-or writing-table. While one can afford to purchase it, in these days of one-room and two-room flats, one can ill-afford the space it occupies while not in use!

I had a similar problem. Here is how I solved it!

I had a wooden settee (by which I mean a flat wooden low cot without head-rest or foot-rest boards) measuring 72" x 30" and 13" high. I called a carpenter and carved the middle 36" x 22" portion from it, put proper wooden support on the underside of the rectangular hole, with teak-wood planks of 4" x 36" to enable carving grooves for lifting the table from inside the settee. Then I got prepared a small wooden table (centre-piece or coffee-table) of the same size 36" x 22" (maybe one-tenth inch less for smooth movement) and same height 13", with a laminated top. This small writing table can be kept 'into' the settee while not being used as a writing table (or as a centre-piece) and you can spread your mattress on the entire settee. When you want to use it as a writing-table just remove the mattress, lift the table from inside the settee (there are grooves on both sides in the settee — and not in the table), turn the table 90° and place it over the settee. The maximum width (including 1 ½" breadth of each leg) between the legs of this table should be 28" so that it can securely be kept upon the 4" broad teak wood planks in the settee.

In Figure 1 below, ABCD is the wooden settee as seen from above. AB and CD sides are each 72" long, while sides AC & BD are each 30" long. QRST is the writing table fitted snugly into the settee. QR and ST sides are 36" long and QS and RT are 22" long. The dotted rectangular QRST is the writing table as kept on top of the settee by turning it 90° from its original position after lifting it out from inside the settee. G are two grooves sufficient for four fingers to be put into (these are in the teak wood plank 4" wide — and not in the table, remember) for lifting the table up from inside the settee.

Figure 2 shows the sketch of the table as kept on top of the settee.

You can sit on either side of the table by placing your legs in the hollow portion of the settee (as you sit in a boat) and your legs would be touching the ground. You or your children can comfortably study on this 36" x 22" table or play carrom, cards, chess or any other game; or you can dine on it!

If you are getting a new bed-cum-table prepared, you can increase the total height of the writing table according to your choice. (Thus, make the settee 13 ½" high and the table also 13 ½" high and together the height would be 27", and so on.) Or, you can simply increase the height of only the table by keeping one-or two-inch wide wooden pieces under each leg of the table when kept on the settee.

You can use hinges along AC and BD sides of the settee where you would be sitting and construct a box under it for keeping books or other articles inside. The lid of the box would be the seat where you sit.

If you put a plank of 36" x 22" size into the hole where the table is kept into the settee (a step-like groove will have to be made along QS and RT counterpart of the settee where the table will rest), you can use the settee as a bed, and the writing table simply as a centre-piece or coffee-table separately!

Fig. 1

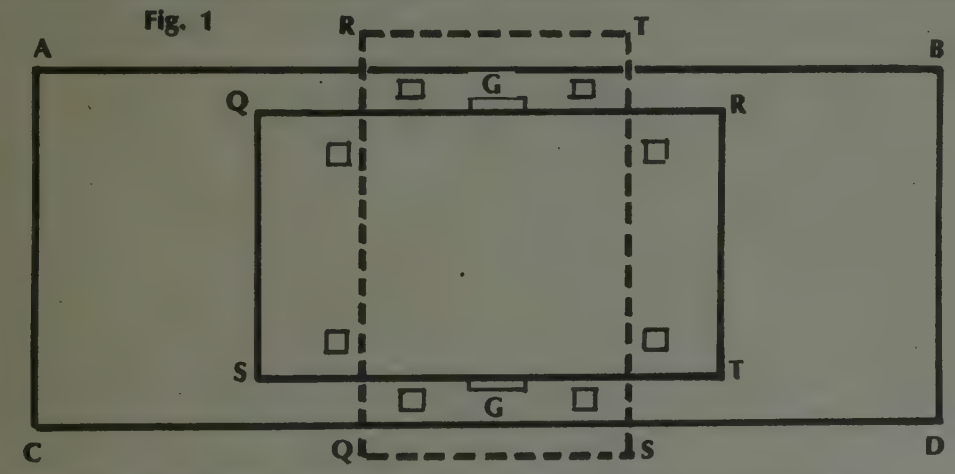
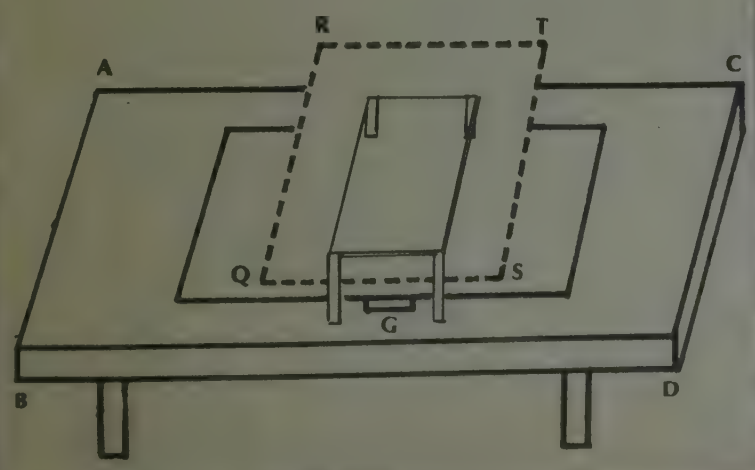


Fig. 2



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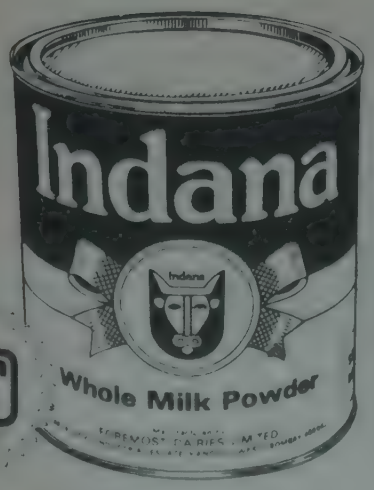
STOCKISTS :

BOMBAY : Khadi & Village Industries Emporium, Fort; Khadi Gramodyog Bhandars at Zaveri Bazar & Kalbadevi; Akbarallys, Veer Nariman Road; Marve Medicals, Marve Road; Bombay Stationary Mart, Fort; and Mr. Arvind H. Mehta, 6, Empire House, Vile Parle (West) S. V. Road, Irla. AHMEDABAD : Khadi Bhavan, Opp. Akashvani & Sauras, Relief Road. RAJKOT : Khadi Bhavan Dhebarbhai Road. DELHI : Gram shilpa, A-1, Baba Kharak Singh Marg. CALCUTTA : Khadi Gramodyog Bhavans at C. R. Avenue and Gariahat Road; Crown Private Limited, 9, R. N. Mukherjee Road; Manipal; 15, Pullock Street; New Saha Bhandar, Block No. 550, New Alipore; Mrs. Runa Bose, 13, North Road Jadavpur; Maniari, 2, Russel Street; Kristo Chandra Das, 163 Old China Bazar; India Silk Stores, 57–B College Street, Silk Khadi Seva Mandal, 74, Burtolla Street; Khadi Silk Seva Emporium, Air Conditioned Market, 1, Shakespeare Sarani; M/s. B. B. Sahoo & Co., 61, Bentick Street; M/s. D. Shop (No. 11), 24, Park Street (Park Centre); M/s. Mini Stores, 12–B/1, Park Street; M/s. Beni Ram & Sons, 4A, Chowringhee Road; V. P. Stores, 15, Lindsey Street; Artex, 180–A, Rash Bohari Avenue (Near Trangular Park). MADRAS Khadi Gramodyog Bhavans at Mount Road and Gopalapuram. COIMBATORE : Coimbatore North Sarvodaya Sangh. CHANDIGARH : Khadi Bhavans at 19 Sector and 21 Sector. SIMLA : Khadi Bhavan, The Mall. BANGALORE : Grama Bharathi, S. C. Road; Khadi Gramodyog Bhavan, 97/98, Silver Jubilee Park Road. TRIPURA : Khadi Gramodyog Bhavan, Akhaura Road, Agartala; Khadi Gramodyog Bhavan, Kumarghat; Khadi Gramodyog Bhavan, Sonamura. HYDERABAD : Khadi-N-Crafts, Basheer Bag.

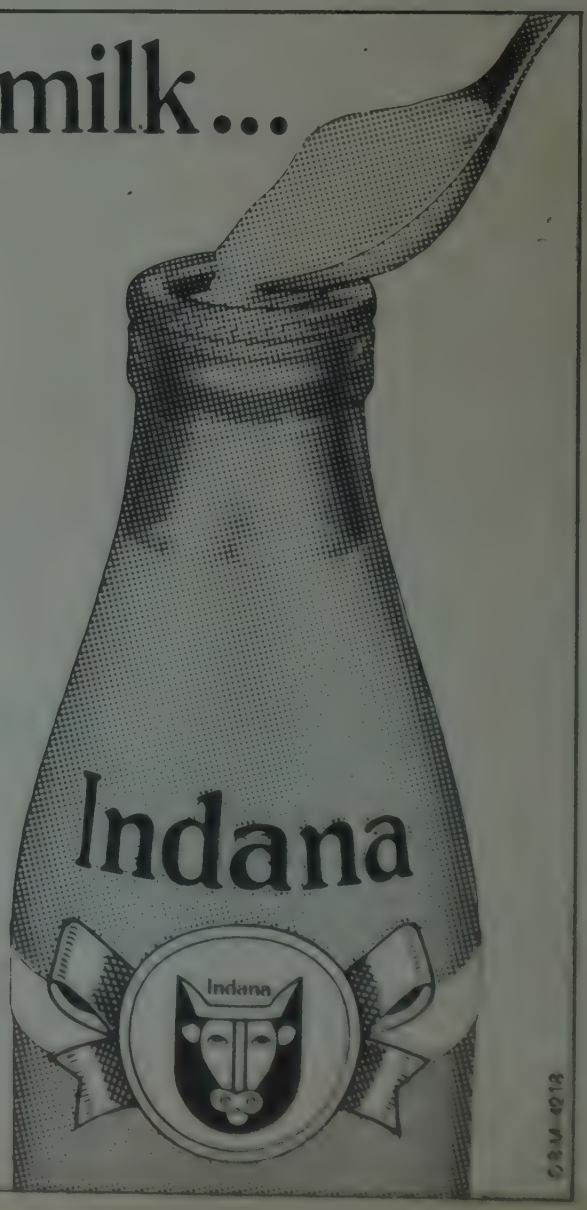
When you run out of fresh milk... Make some afresh with Indana whole milk powder



It can happen to any housewife : the milk boils over, turns sour, or unexpected guests arrive just when you've run out of milk. At times like these, Indana whole milk powder is a boon.

Indana whole milk powder has the taste of fresh, creamy milk. You can use it as you would fresh milk. Make puddings, curd, milk drinks, whatever — with no difference in taste or nourishment. Keep a tin handy in your kitchen.

A product of Foremost Dairies



WE'LL STEAK OUR LIVES ON IT!

Sizzling steaks — a delicious new barbeque suggestion for those who love outdoor grilling. Though nothing can compare with a charcoal-burning grill, good results can be obtained with the griller on a gas or an electric stove provided you have good quality steak. Steaks can be cooked 'rare', 'medium' or 'well-done' and taste delicious with a spike of brown sauce, accompanied by crisp green salad, grilled tomatoes, potatoes and fried onion rings.

A steak is a piece of meat cut from the fillet, rump, sirloin or any other lean or meaty part of beef.

The following are some of the cuts commonly used for grilling or frying.

1. RUMP: Very good in flavour, but not tender.

2. FILLET: Very tender but weak in flavour. The fillet is often cut into small rounds called tournedos.

3. ENTRECOTE: Cut normally from sirloin and ribs.

4. T-BONE: Cut from sirloin having a T-shaped bone.

For the preparation of steak the most versatile is the fillet. However, the fillet should be well cleaned and the sinews and connecting fibres removed.

COOKING :

Steak is usually shallow fried or grilled and served with its own juice made into a gravy or with a classic kitchen sauce.

The steak may be accompanied with grilled tomatoes, mushrooms, chopped potatoes, onion rings, cauliflower, etc.

MARINADE:

This enhances the flavour of meat and aides in tenderising the meat. A simple and practical marinade consists of:

4 tbsps. salad oil
2 tbsps. vinegar
1 tbsp. lemon juice
½ tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper (fresh ground)
¼ tsp. mustard
1 tbsp. shalots (optional)

Given here are some well known recipes for steaks:

TOURNEDOS A LA BEARNAISE

4-6 fillet steaks cut 1¼" thick
Olive oil
4-6 rounds of bread, fried

FOR BEARNAISE SAUCE:

4 small onions, finely chopped

4 sprigs terragon, chopped
4 tbsps. malt vinegar
3 egg yolks
60 grams melted butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Brush the steak with olive oil and grill for 3-5 minutes on either side.

FOR THE SAUCE:

Add onion, terragon, salt and pepper to vinegar and heat over low flame till vinegar is reduced to half its quantity. Add to egg yolks and cover a double boiler till it thickens. Gradually beat in the melted butter and keep hot for serving.

Place rounds of fried bread on plates and place the grilled steak over it.

Serve with Bearnaise Sauce, grilled tomato and mushrooms.

GRILLED T - BONE STEAKS

Choose about 1" thick steaks and treat with a little tenderizer if necessary. Remove excess fat and slash the edges at regular intervals.

Marinate the steaks for about 3 hours. Heat the grill and after light oiling place the steaks on it.

The total broiling time for the steaks should not exceed 12 minutes (6 mts for either side).

SWANK PORTERHOUSE STEAK

1½" steaks

TO MARINATE:

½ cup onion, finely chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
½ tsp. celery, finely chopped
2 tbsps. soya sauce
2 tbsps. malt vinegar
½ cup sliced mushrooms

Mix together the above marinate mixture with salt and pepper and little olive oil. Slash the fatty edge of steak, taking care not to cut into the meat.

Thoroughly rub the steaks with the marinade and rest for 3-4 hrs. Put over a red hot grill and cook for 15 minutes.

Heat butter and put in the mushroom. Place on top of steaks and serve sizzling hot.

STEAK A LA MINUTE

Flatten the steak to make it as thin as possible. Season and saute in butter. Arrange on a dish, and pour over it the butter in which it was cooked, piping hot and with a few drops of lemon juice and half a tablespoon of chopped parsley added to it.

ENTRECOTE BONNE FEMME

Saute a 1½" thick steak quickly in butter, browning on both sides. Surround it in a saute pan with glazed onions, blanced new potatoes, and rashers of bacon. Finish cooking together. Arrange in an oval shaped dish with the garnish surrounding it. Dilute the butter left in the pan with stock and pour over. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

STEAK CREOLE

Slices of steak
30 grams butter
100 grams sliced ham
2 onions, cut in rings
30 grams flour
1½ cups tomato juice
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tsp. soya sauce

Marinade the steaks in the given marinade mixture. Grill them on both sides and keep aside. Fry the onions till brown and keep aside. Melt butter. Add flour, salt and pepper. Pour in the tomato juice, chopped ham and the sauce. Simmer gently on a low flame, stirring continuously. Arrange steak on a hot dish. Spread out the fried onions and pour the hot sauce over it.

Recipes Courtesy : Khushi

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

MARATHI — 2

In response to requests from readers, we we now give you, every fortnight, equivalent terms in various languages, to clip and keep for your record.

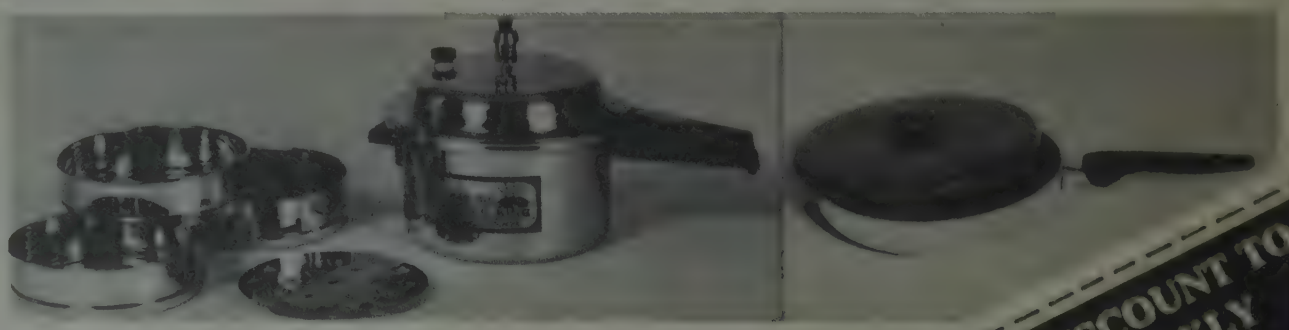
VEGETABLES

Cabbage	Kobi
Drumstick	Sheng, Shengachi bhaji
French Beans	Pharasee, Shrawan ghewada
Beetroot	Beet
Carrot	Gaajar
Coriander leaves	Kothimbir
Fresh mint	Kadhi Limb
Fenugreek leaves	Methi
Beans	Wal
Brinjal	Vaangi
Bitter Gourd	Karle
Capsicum	Simla mirchi or Bhopli mirchi
Cauliflower	Phool Kobi
Colocassia leaves	Alu
Cucumber	Kakari, khire
Onions	Kaanda
Radish	Mula
Snake Gourd	Padwal
Ladies finger	Bhendi
Green peas	Vataana
Potatoes	Batata
Mushroom	Alambe
Ridge Gourd	Shirali
Spinach	Palak
Yam	Suran
Turnip	Salgam
Pumpkin	Lal Bhopla
Spring Onions	Paticha kaanda
Tomatoes	Tamate
White Gourd	Dhemse

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEENS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00.

1) A 5.0 litre all stainless steel KITCHEN-KING Pressure Cooker with 3 separators from INDIA METAL INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A cash prize of RS. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, 3) A 210 mm Fry Pan from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES and 4) A book, "Delightful Chinese Dishes", by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI. Send in your recipes to the Cookery, Eve's Weekly, Bombay.



A discount of 5 per cent offered to Eve's Weekly readers on purchase of KITCHEN KING all stainless steel Pressure Cooker. Contact — Akbarally's with this clipping or phone 541629, Asha Appliances, for your nearest dealer.

SPECIAL 5% DISCOUNT TO EVE'S WEEKLY READERS

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

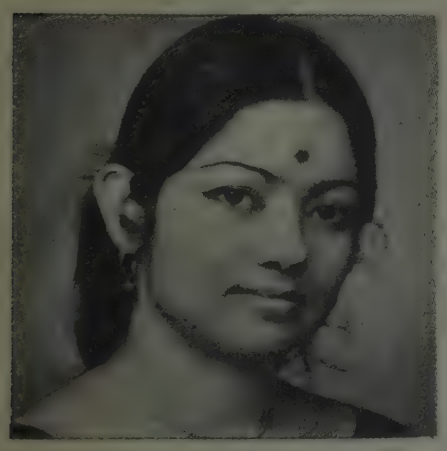
Neera Choudhury, Dehra Dun.

CHANDRAROMA

1 coconut
25 grams raisins
25 grams groundnuts, peeled
250 grams paneer
25 grams khoya (solidified milk)
500 grams sugar
Little ghee

Chop the raisins and nuts finely. Fry them lightly in ghee and mix them with the dry khoya.

Grate and grind the coconut. Mash the paneer and mix with the coconut. Add sugar and put the mixture on a slow fire. Stir continuously with a wooden spoon. Before the mixture sticks to the sides of the karahi, remove it from the fire. Make small balls of this mixture. Put the balls on a greased paper and stuff each ball with little of raisin, nut and khoya mixture. Shape the mixture in a semi-circular shape. Set in the refrigerator before serving.



Mrs. Rajam Laxman, Coimbatore.

MAKE BELIEVE EGG DESSERT

FOR THE EGGS :

1 packet china grass
1 tin condensed milk
2 cups milk
50 grams cashewnuts, soaked and ground to paste
A few drops of almond essense
100 grams khoya
Yellow colouring
12 large egg shells, halved
½ tsp. cardamom powder
½ tsp. castor sugar

FOR THE NEST :

100 grams refined flour (maida)
100 grams butter
75 grams castor sugar
A pinch of salt
Milk for mixing

FOR THE JELLY CREAM BASE :

1 packet strawberry or raspberry jelly
1 cup whipped cream

Melt the china grass in milk as per direction. Add condensed milk, ground cashewnuts and almond essense. Clean the egg shells carefully and fill half of the shell with china grass mixture. Keep in the fridge or in a cool place until set. Meanwhile, mix yellow colouring to the khoya. Make 12 marble size balls. Put each ball in already set egg shells. Pour the remaining mixture on top. Let it set again. Mix flour, butter, sugar and salt together. Make a biscuit like dough. Put into a sev press to make the nests. Press the dough on a sheet or flat tray. Bake for 10-15 minutes in moderate oven. Remove. Cool. Prepare jelly in six individual flat moulds as per direction. Decorate edges with whipped cream. Place one baked nest on each bowl. Carefully remove the shells from the previously set jelly mixture. Place two eggs on each nest. Sprinkle cardamom powder and castor sugar on top of the eggs.

WEEKLY WINNER

CHANDANA MITRA, Bombay.

Miss Mitra wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 1000 ml. coconut oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

PANEER BALLS IN KHEER

FOR THE BALLS :

Paneer made from ½ litre milk
½ tsp. flour
3 cardamoms, powdered
2½ cups sugar
6 cups water

FOR THE KHEER :

1 litre milk
2 bay leaves
½ cup sugar
3 cardamoms, powdered
8 to 10 cashewnuts chopped
10 to 12 raisins

FOR THE BALLS :

Let the paneer be completely dry. Add the powdered cardamoms. Keep aside for an hour. Add the flour. Knead into a smooth paste. Divide it into 50 balls.

Make sugar syrup with water. Bring to a boil. Add the balls. Boil for five minutes uncovered, for 20 minutes covered and then five minutes uncovered. Remove from the fire and cool. Remove the paneer balls and keep aside.

FOR THE KHEER :

Bring the milk to a boil. Add the bay leaves. Reduce the milk to one-third. Now add the sugar and cardamom powder and boil for another two minutes till the sugar dissolves. Add the balls and the cashewnuts. Boil for five more minutes. Now remove it from the fire. Let it cool completely. Add the raisins. Put it in the fridge and serve cold.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

New Scheme For the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipe — non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

May, 1979
MUSHROOM DELICACIES

June, 1979
CURRY SPECIALITIES

July, 1979
TEA-TIME SNACKS

All entries for May should reach us latest by April 5, June entries by May 5, and July entries by June 5.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

EMILY-YOU HAVE EATEN THIS WHOLE BOX OF CHOCOLATES!
I DIDN'T EAT IT.... THE MICE DID!
© King Features Syndicate, Inc.
WHAT MICE?
THE ONES THAT ESCAPED FROM DR. POCK'S BASEMENT LABORATORY NEXT DOOR!
YOU KNOW-HE'S BEEN CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT WHERE EACH MOUSE HAD TO SMOKE A PACK OF CIGARETTES A DAY -
-?
THEN LAST WEEK THE MICE DECIDED TO STOP SMOKING... IT WASN'T EASY, BUT NONE OF THEM HAS TOUCHED A CIGARETTE SINCE!
GOOD GRIEF!
BUT THEY DEVELOPED THIS TERRIFIC CRAVING FOR SWEETS ...
!
12-31
SO THEY BROKE INTO THE HOUSE TO EAT YOUR BOX OF CHOCOLATES !!
HOW DID YOU KNOW?

THAT'S A LAUGH!

Two small boys were wandering around the medical college. One of them saw a skeleton on view and said to his friend: "But you don't know what a skeleton is."

"Of course I do," said the other. "It's bones with the people off."

* * *

The old man told his doctor that he was hardly able to keep his eyes off beautiful young girls. "When I look at them, doc," he said frankly, "I just wish I were twenty years older."

"Surely you mean twenty years younger?" the doctor said.

"No," he said. "I mean twenty years older."

"I don't understand," said the doctor.

"Then I wouldn't give a damn."

* * *

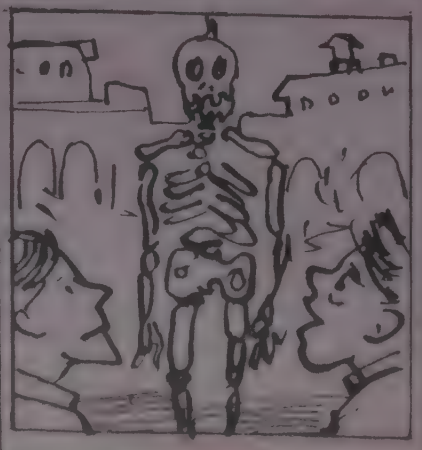
He was the laziest man in the entire town. Unfortunately he had a bad accident — he fell off his couch at home.

A doctor examined him and said: "I'm afraid I have some rather bad news for you, sir. You will never be able to work again."

"Thank you, doc," said the lazy one, "now what's the bad news?"

* * *

"What's this bump on your head?"



"It's from my tonsil operation."

"How on earth could you get a bump on your head from a tonsil operation?"

"They ran out of chloroform."

* * *

"Be careful with that dieting," the doctor told a very stout lady. It can be dangerous. I remember one fellow who went on a crash diet. He weighed 345 pounds. Eight weeks later he weighed 85 pounds — coffin and all!"

* * *

"I hear that your brother is in hospital and has got very thin."

"Yes, it's true. Remember that big Ford truck he had tattooed on his stomach?"

"Yes?"

"Well, now it's a Volkswagen!"

* * *

During a liquid lunch, two company vice-presidents were comparing notes about the pressures of the executive life. "You sure look shot," said one.

"Man," sighed the other, "I've got so many troubles that if anything happens today, it'll be at least two weeks before I can worry about it."

* * *

The aging-but-wouldn't-admit-it boor sidled up to the momentarily unattached girl at the party. "Hello there, lonely one," he cooed, "where have you been all my life?"

His target looked him up and down cooly. "Well," she finally declared, "for the first half of it I hadn't even been born."

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

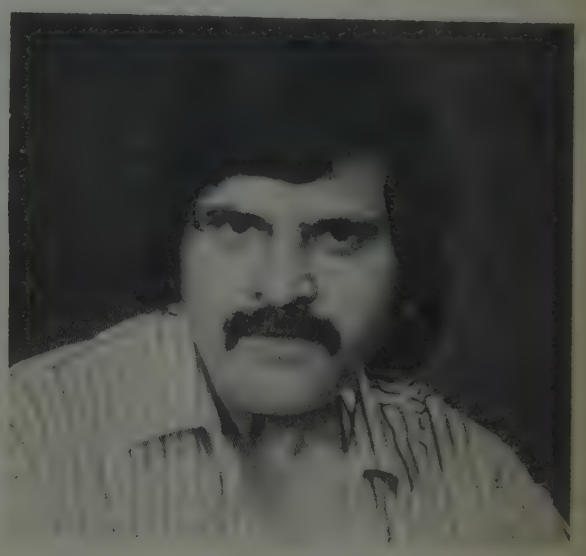
NAVJOT AND ALTAF

TOGETHERNESS IN ALIENATION

Navjot and Altaf are two young artists who are trying to make a breakthrough in a world where art and artistic judgments are predetermined by commercial values. Altaf teaches art in Habib School, Bombay. He was a student of the St. Martin School of Art, London. He met his wife, Navjot, on an assignment for working out a mural for a school building. They got married in 1972, art of course being their uniting force and continuing to be so.

Navjot is a graduate of the J.J. School of Art. She does screen-printing and looks after their daughter Sasha, besides doing the household tasks. Being artists they are both temperamental by nature. Sometimes contradictions do flare up, but a close understanding and respect for each other generally prevails. One can identify their influence on each other's work which is bound to happen to any two people working in the same field and living together.

Altaf and Navjot held a joint exhibition from March 9 - 15 in Bombay. Altaf's works are in a form of series called **Encounters in the City.** The underlying theme is alienation; the paintings are highly personalised. One can identify the painter in each of his works — a disembodied person whose presence is ephemeral. He tries to reach out and touch those around him but cannot, for they are encased in their anonymity and he in his faceless identity. **The Intellectual, Teacup, The Compartment, The Shop Window, The Beggar** (titles of his works) are some of the sights which the painter has wrested into his consciousness by confrontations. **Alone** portrays a middle-aged man who looks out of a window with lines of weariness etched on his face, "a feeling of being lost with very little in front of him," as Altaf explains it.



"We Three" — Navjot.

RIGHT: "Intellectual — Altaf.

But yet there is a glimmer of hope which the painter might evoke if he chooses to or if he has the strength to. **"The Railway Station** is part of my life. I jostle with people but yet there is a feeling of importance. I feel like a coat hanging from a hanger. I see a beggar and I give him ten paise. That is the only relationship I have with him because it has been imposed on me." **The Railway Station** shows that the crowds have become shadowy figures, and the station filtered with dead sunshine. **The Prostitute** is symbolically reduced to a pair of lips thrown into the dustbin after she has been used. But for the man who uses her, the relationship is intense and he comes away unbroken and whole. The distance between him and her is unbridgeable, for he is shown outside the room.

Each of Navjot's drawings is done on tracing paper in black ink and etched in precise detail. Her drawings are also a projection of her alienation and conflicts which mainly derive out of social relationships. Through her contact with working class culture at one point in her life she is able to empathize and experience the importance of the industrial worker. But at the same time, her own social background alienates her from him. The drawing in the Inset shows a worker whose bonds are tight, his head is absent, he does not have the power to think. But in the next drawing he is shown as one who "does not attack anyone he sees, he knows who is his enemy". Another painting, **The Flower Boy,** is explained by Navjot in a barrage of vehement words. "A child who smokes or drinks is generally ridiculed and raises the bile of society, but when the same child is made to do slave labour nobody thinks anything of it."

Navjot and Altaf's paintings embody an organic relationship with the working class, but they also express their trauma at their alienation from the workers which emanates from the barriers of their upper class background.

Unlike the trend in modern art, their alienation is not immersed in subjectivity. It transcends and delves into social reality which is full of contradictions. But, both artists are so caught in their experience that sometimes their ideas run ahead of their brush strokes, as in Altaf's **Teacup** and Navjot's drawing of a rich, pompous, obese man eating a human skull with relish.

Manju Upadhyaya

CONSUMER AWARENESS

The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

WHEN ADULTS ARE DUMB ABOUT TOYS, KIDS SUFFER

Alpana Chowdhury

India's Plan of Action for the International Year of the Child stresses among other things, better health care, better laws for the protection of children, and improved education. Toys and the manufacture of toys one would assume is intimately linked with all three factors. The industry is, however, not even given an individuality of its own. It is grouped sometimes with the engineering and sometimes with the plastic industry and taxed accordingly.

Talking to an official of the Maharashtra Department of Education I was surprised to find that there was no section in the department concerned with toys. The official too was surprised at being questioned about toys!

Parents, who should know better, also underestimate the significance of toys in a child's life. On birthdays or at festival times toys are purchased indiscriminately.

Sometimes a bawling child is subdued with a rattle or a gaudy rubber doll. The parent does not pause to check if there is any detachable part that may be swallowed or if the colours are fast and non-toxic.

These attitudes reveal gross ignorance about the hazards toys may pose and also about the importance of toys; about the influence they have on the first few formative years of a child's life.

It is these initial years that develop a child's personality and help a child to adjust to the environment in a healthy way, that make a child realize his likes and dislikes. While playing with toys a child acts out his fears and emotional stresses. He expresses his innermost, even sub-conscious, desires spontaneously. Toys, therefore, mould and shape the psyche of a child and of the later adult. Hence it is of the utmost importance that toys be chosen with care. The right toy can create, the wrong one may destroy.

The child who wants to pull apart anything he finds is not being destructive. He is merely curious, and it is up to the parent or teacher to satisfy his curiosity instead of scolding and punishing him. He must be provided with suitable toys — toys that can be safely dismantled and put together again by him so that his energy and enthusiasm are not curbed but channellized into creative activities.

No toys for him, and therefore exile from an important part of the childhood world. Even the poor quality toys are out of reach of the poor.

The Indian toy industry has an unexploited potential. Though some of our toys can favourably compete with world standards, there are at the same time unqualified manufacturers producing cheap, dangerous toys that could turn into lethal weapons. Toys with rough sharp edges, toxic colours, inflammable materials or producing a high density noise are unsafe for children.

I asked the owner of a well-packed toy shop how he ordered his goods. What were the criteria by which he judged which items should be sold in his shop? He just waved his hands in dismissal. "No, no. I don't do all that. Distributors send their samples. If three pieces sell I order six more."

"But surely..." I began. The hands were again dismissing the questions as irrelevant.

When we enter shops like these we cannot hope to be guided. We must be alert and examine the toys ourselves.

Fortunately, some enlightened toy manufacturers have come together and formed an association called The All-India Toy Manufacturers' Association (TAITMA) which provides a nucleus of organization for the toy industry. The Association has a magazine **Toy World** in which instructive articles are published whereby toy manufacturers can be educated. The Association also holds an all-India toy exhibition at least once a year.

What is more important, the AITMA has been working with the Indian Standards Institution (ISI) to lay down a much-needed 'safety requirement code for toys and play equipment' so that basic standards may be maintained by the manufacturers and protection of children may be ensured. Once the code is out, buying of toys will become fairly simple as the ISI mark will ensure several things, such as :

1. Material of the toys:

a) Inflammable materials, such as celluloid, will not be used.

b) Dyes used to colour toys that are liable to be sucked (rattles, building bricks, etc.) or worn near the skin (glove puppets) should be fast and non-toxic.

c) Toys made of metal should not have sharp edges or they should be coated with a protective substance or be folded back. This requirement shall not apply in the case of metal that is free from burrs and sharp points. If glass is used the edges should be clean and smooth.

d) Fillings of toys should be clean, non-poisonous and con-

tain no hard or sharp foreign matter. Fillings that are inflammable should not be used under a cover that can be easily damaged and the filling exposed.

2. **Construction of toys and play equipment:**

a) Clockwork, chiming and similar driving mechanisms should be enclosed so that moving parts cannot be touched, except when the method of operation makes this impracticable. When the winding key is a non-detachable extension of a winding spindle it should be of shape and size that will not allow a child's finger to become ensnared in it.

b) Large toys intended to bear the weight of the child should stand level and firm in use.

c) Toys which emit a continuous or spasmodic noise in normal use should be controlled in intensity to a level below that at which a child's hearing is likely to be impaired.

3. **The packaging:** Clear and easily understood instructions should be provided regarding the erection, maintenance and use. The dangers involved, if any, should also be mentioned.

It would also be advisable to print the age group for which the toy is meant so that uninformed parents find it easier choosing the right toy.

Till the ISI code is introduced (hopefully, it will be out this year), it is up to us consumers to check the above factors before buying a toy. Prices are very flexible and we should visit at least two shops before we decide to buy. A box of plastic building blocks cost me Rs. 10 at one shop. Another shop demanded Rs. 14.50 for the same set. Since the authorities do not pay much attention to this industry it is the buyer who needs to be careful.

Even members of the AITMA have not made provision for stating the correct price. One of its leading members manufactures a set called "Mickey Mouse" Game. It is packaged in an extremely attractive manner. The box is sturdy — the board on which the game is played strong and colourful. It is, in fact, a set that can be passed down from one child to another. However, there is no mention of its price. Within a few minutes the shopkeeper had brought down its price from Rs. 18 to Rs. 16.50. Even then I was left with a feeling of being conned. When the manufacturer had made provision for everything else why could he not also include its price?

Perpuating adult fantasy even in toyland. Can anything be more absurd than having Indian dolls with fair complexions, blue eyes and blond hair?

While I was bargaining about the price I noticed some harassed parents inquiring about the prices of other items. Whatever attracted their fancy didn't suit their pockets. There was hardly anything worth less than Rs. 12.15!

Why should toys for children — so essential for their all-round growth — cost so much? One of the main reasons is that toys are taxed according to the grades of other industries (engineering, plastic). Those termed as luxury items (because of their superior quality) are sold at three to four times the manufacturer's price because of the heavy sales and excise levies.

TAITMA members too tend to ignore the needs of the masses. With an eye on the export market they produce playthings that only the privileged few can afford. With a tinge of contempt, the editor of **Toy World** confided that municipal schools and other government organizations for children rarely buy toys produced by TAITMA members. The reason being that they go by tenders and the cheapest are ordered, irrespective of quality.

While TAITMA's concern fc quality is laudable their disregard of India's socio-economic reality is to be regretted. Since they have the expertise to manufacture superior quality products they can also make the effort to devise means by which cheaper, at the same time interesting and lovable, toys can be made. Perhaps indigenous sources like coconut shells, bamboo and jute can be used to reduce the cost. Such toys will also be closer to our environment.

Also, toys of a more creative, educative nature are necessary. I found the markets flooded with plastic lifeless toys. Such toys hold the attention of children for a short while only. Toys that will help a child to understand his environment are very few. Even our building sets are modelled on western designs. We could, for instance, have a clay building set with our rural patterns described in the accompanying brochure. Or puzzle games based on Indian problems could be placed in a simple manner before the child.

Similarly, toy manufacturers, instead of always depending on Walt Disney characters can be more imaginative and create other characters and situations. In a game of dice where you move spaces or lose turns according to the messages prescribed, you could have lines like: "Miss a turn. The bus is overcrowded" or "Move three spaces. You are travelling in a fast local train".

Our dolls still have blonde hair and pale complexions. Chubby, brown baby dolls, would, I am sure, have equal, if not more, charm for our children. The dolls dressed in Indian costumes look artificial and stiff — and have no play value. These could be modified so that instead of changing frocks our children could spend hours draping sarees for their dolls or clothing them in Indian outfits.

Perhaps we would do well to emulate the example of Japan. Since Japan is greatly dependent on science and technology its education pattern is geared to impart maximum knowledge on these two subjects. But the emphasis on learning science at the primary level is through experience rather than from the book. For this purpose the children's environment, i.e. nature, toys, discarded material from home, is utilized so that science is not simply an academic exercise. It becomes a part of the child's experience.

Also, the toy manufacturers work in consultation with teachers and the ministry of education. Designing of toys or science kits in Japan is a team effort of engineers, school teachers, child psychologists and government authorities. Members of the AITMA could at least attempt doing the same, since it is already an organized body. Instead of dismissing the attitude of municipal schools as hopeless it could find out the needs of such schools and produce suitable toys to suit their budget. **It is children of these schools that are most in need of colour in their lives** and who need to be drawn into the national stream of progress and advancement. If the education of these children could be enlivened there would be fewer dropouts and our plans for mass literacy would have better chances of success.

Then, parent-teacher associations (PTA) could approach they toy industry and the ministry of education, and exhort them to manufacture cheaper, safer and mare relevant toys. If this is done regularly and unitedly, perhaps more attention would be given to this long-neglected section. Persistence in bringing about drastic changes in the toy industry would be a suitable way of commemorating the International Year of the Child.

LANGUAGE IS FOR

but which language?

CONFUSION IN BIHAR

"Look," said Ratnakar Misra, an engineer from Rourkela. "What is the problem in the first place? Is this language problem, as you call it, a tirade against the use of English, or does it amount to an effort to uplift Hindi? What are we talking about anyway?"

He told me that our efforts directed at getting rid of English arise from a basic inferiority complex, because we cannot bring ourselves to grant the language its proper place as the international language. For us, it is still the symbol of British imperialism, and we are still smarting under it, because we are simply not used to the large heartedness of freedom.

Like Mr. Misra, many others said that they were all for a common national language, but for that the schools are the right place to start. Inflicting the use of Hindi in the top offices of the country, whether of Hindi speaking areas or not, will only come as an imposition, and any kind of imposition is bound to bring reactions.

Mrs. Kamala Subramanyam, advocate, journalist, and wife of the Chief Secretary, Bihar, also said that Hindi should be taught as a compulsory subject in all schools, but to order its use in offices would amount to an imposition.

Mrs. Subramanyam said that since they have been in Bihar for almost twenty years now, they considered themselves Biharis, and had adopted local customs, and certainly the language, but still, they found it difficult to adapt themselves to the official version of it, which she said was very tough. She said that this problem should have been solved at the time of Independence, when the whole country had been carried away by the giant wave of nationalism. Now that the nationalist fervour had largely evaporated, and linguistic parochialism had struck roots, the problem of a national or official language has become almost intractable. An eminent doctor's comment on this question was "What problem? I was born in Bihar, and have always regarded Hindi as my language. But I could never have gone abroad for higher studies had I not had a good command of English."

A South Indian gentleman was of the view that in order to popularise Hindi, it should be made to overlap with other Indian languages, borrowing words and idioms from them. It would both enrich the language and also make communication easier.

Talking to college students it became evident, that students' unrest has reached an alarming all-time high. Insecurity as to the future is obviously at the root.

Most of them were of the opinion that with the Bihar Government's policy of reserving seats for backward castes, followed by its stance on the language controversy, they faced a bleak future, with few job opportunities, and even fewer opportunities for high studies.

The minority among the students who were for abolition of English did admit that such a step would push the state considerably backwards.

Most of the officers who were questioned were all for introduction of Hindi, as spoken colloquially, in schools and colleges. But most of them, including those belonging to Hindi-speaking states, seemed resentful at the "imposition of high-flown Hindi" in offices.

Speaking on the subject, Mr. A. P. Misra, the Director-General of Police-cum-Special Secretary to the Government of Bihar, pointed out that there was no point in our venting our resentment on the British for their language legacy. It should be remembered that it was the British who gave us our present educational set-up.

"Why are we ashamed to absorb the good from other people of the world, British or not?" he asked. The British are gone forever, but they have left behind a wealth of good. We Indians are surely blessed with enough greatness to forget our petty grudges against them.

And with that, Mr. Misra quoted Macaulay. "To have found a great people sunk in the lowest depths of slavery and superstition, to have so ruled them as to have made them desirous and capable of all the privileges of citizens, would indeed be a title to glory all our own. . . Or how we think we can give them knowledge without awakening ambition?"

That surely leaves us with a big question mark. . . Is it possible that our rulers now are trying to do just that?

Shruti Shukla

THREE-LANGUAGE FORMULA FAVOURED IN BENGAL

Is there really a controversy over the language issue in our country? In any case, the masses in our country are hardly concerned with it. Haripada Das, an unlettered grocer running a shop in a small locality of Calcutta, says, "I don't really understand what you are talking about. I can read, write and speak Bengali which is my mother tongue. The other language I know is Hindi. I can only speak in Hindi and understand it. I have learnt Hindi through intermingling and intercommunication with people around who have come to Calcutta from other parts of the country and cannot communicate with me in Bengali. As regards Hindi, I find the same position in other parts of the country. When I went on a pligrimage to the South last year, Hindi proved to be a workable medium of communication with people there. This positlon of Hindi is unassailable. English is the language of only a privileged few. I don't really bother about it. But where is the question of a controversy?"

Haripada is one of the many for whom the champions of the language issue, whether of the North or of the South, claim to speak, but Haripada denies the very existence of any such controversy, while the leaders who profess to represent people like Haripada, continue to be vociferous about the controversy.

Many parts of India have accepted Hindi as the only effective medium of communication between the people of one State and another. Even in the South, whatever the intelligentsia or the elite may say, the general public can communicate with people of other States only through the medium of Hindi. If this were not the case, Hindi films would not have been so popular there.

The controversy is thus mainly among the higher classes who are educated and hold high positions in one or the other sphere of life. It is these people who have created this controversy for protecting and continuing their vested interests. And thanks to our political leaders, the controversy over the official language has gained serious proportions unnecessarily.

Dr. Nihar Ranjan Ray, a noted historian, recognised Haripada's point of view when he was speaking at a seminar held recently. He observed: "Whatever the reason, Hindi has an advantage over other regional languages and a bright future in India." But he also thought it necessary for English to continue in order to keep pace with the world, although he argued that English could not be the medium of communication among the people of our country.

Mr. K. N. Sircar, Senior Adviser to the Indian Tea Association, which represents big business, chooses to differ slightly from Dr. Ray when he says that "the general feeling in non-Hindi speaking States is that once Hindi is adopted as the official language, the Hindi speaking community will have an upper hand in the employment field. Besides, English is one of our more valuable vehicles for higher education and knowledge. It is now a major language even in countries like Japan, China, Sweden, Russia, etc. It has to continue in our country too."

Mr. Sircar further stated that if Hindi is to be accepted by the non-Hindi speaking people, the Hindi speaking States like U.P., Bihar, M.P., Rajasthan and others will have to foster the study of any one of the regional languages to be at par. In fact, the language issue is a very sensitive subject and has to be dealt with very delicately and dexterously, he feels. We should try and develop all three languages for our own benefit.

Eminent in her own sphere, Dr. (Mrs.) Muktha Sen, a South Indian by origin, who is married to a Bengali doctor, feels that "the three language formula is the best solution to the controversy." She says, "I do not sympathise with the fetish of the mother tongue. Although I feel that a language cannot be imposed on the people, it can be propagated and made acceptable in a slow and gradual process. Left to themselves, the Southerners, for instance, will learn Hindi even though they consider it almost as alien a language as English. To my mind it is the over-enthusiasm on the part of some Hindi speaking people, say, the leaders, and the excessive resistance from the non-Hindi speaking groups that has heightened this controversy."

Pradeep Arora, a young Punjabi businessman, belongs very much to the Hindi speaking community. Asked to express his views, he said, "I personally don't think there is or should be any controversy at all. It is entirely politically motivated. A regional language can never become the official language. Idealistically, Hindi should have been our national language, but it can never take the place of regional languages. So far as English is concerned, it is the language of the elite and not of the masses. There can be no imposition of any language and the States have every right to give more importance to their own regional language."

An Andhraite by origin and a journalist by profession, Ratna Rao considers the whole issue "a crappy controversy. I don't understand why the Janata Government is raking up dying embers. There is no question of a controversy, because English has to continue as the official language. Any way this is not the time to switch over to a new language. The process of change should be gradual. After all no language can be made to order. Take South, for instance. It will never accept Hindi as it is still not very popular. People there prefer English to Hindi as it offers much more than Hindi."

Sove Sircar is a teacher in a Bengali medium school. Reflecting on the question she said: "My mother tongue is Bengali, but then it is not known in other parts of our country. Hindi, one cannot deny, is the most common language in India. Even those who cannot speak that language can understand it. Besides, there is no harm in learning an additional language. However, if Hindi is to be recognised as the official language, the change should have been preplanned, but frankly speaking no other language can replace English which is a great legacy we have inherited from the Britishers. It has definitely helped us in our development. We have become so dependent on it for higher education that we cannot abandon it in our own interest. But the best policy will be to give equal importance to Hindi, English and the regional language."

From the opinions given as above by a cross-section of the people living in Calcutta, it is clear that no regional language can take the place of Hindi or English and so the controversy remains between English and Hindi. While realising that Hindi is the language of more than one State in the country and is spoken by a vast majority of Indians, almost everyone admits that Hindi alone can be the link language for use all over India and for this reason Hindi has a bright future. At the same time English also cannot be ignored because of the unique position it occupies in our country. Here, we come to the three-language formula, that is, regional language to be used by the people of the region for communication amongst themselves, Hindi as the link language to be used all over the country and English as the language for inter-State official use.

India is a very large country and has a population of over 60 crores — almost one-fifth of the human race. It is naturally a land of many languages. Multiplicity of languages had never posed a serious problem as it has been made today. In fact diversity of language, and the problems arising therefrom, were not so much pronounced until we became independent and adopted our constitution. Even at the time of framing the Constitution it was not an insurmountable problem, but later on, the theory of having a common language as the basis of our nationality started disturbing the minds of some of our scholars and thinkers. Unfortunately the politicians fired and fanned this artificial controversy as a part of the game of their politics. It would appear that if the politicians leave it alone, the language issue will not raise its ugly head. Late Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterjee, the linguist of India who enjoyed international fame had rightly said that "as things stand multiplicity of languages is no bar to nationhood, a polyglot State using according to convenience one or more of its languages."

COMMUNICATION...

Susmita Singhi

WISE WORDS FROM WOMEN

* It was a book to kill time for those who liked it better dead.

(Rose Macaulay)

* I sometimes give myself admirable advice, but I am incapable of taking it.

(Mary Montagu)

* God gave us our relatives; thank God we can choose our friends.

(Ethel Watts Mumford)

* She ran the whole gamut of emotions from A to B.

(Dorothy Parker)

* The honeymoon is not over until we cease to stifle our sighs and begin to stifle our yawns.

(Helen Roland)

* One learns in life to keep silent and draw one's own confusions.

(Cornelia Otis Skinner)

* A blunder at the right moment is better than cleverness at the wrong time.

(Carolyn Wells)

* When he said we were trying to make a fool of him, I could only murmur that the Creator had beat us to it.

(Ilka Chase)

* The only difference between a rut and a grave is their dimensions.

(Ellen Glasgow)

* A youth with his first cigar makes himself sick; a youth with his first girl makes other people sick.

(Mary Wilson Little)

* You must tell people they'll achieve a superior kind of happiness by giving up everything that makes them happy.

(Ayn Rand)

* If I could I would always work in silence and obscurity, and let my efforts be known by their results.

(Emily Bronte)

* When I ask what is your religion, I mean what is the belief that helps you most.

(Mary Ann Evans)

* As soon as you think of something, try to think in what way the contrary is true.

(Simone Weil)

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GIVING NEW LIFE TO INDIAN DOLLS

Priti

In Delhi, the International Year of the Child began with the charming world of toys. These are the creation of Deepak and his sister Asha. Their little childhood world began with the popular pastime of children — arranging dolls' marriages. And these dolls were made of cardboard and dressed in khadi cloth. Even now, they use the same materials.

Deepak (30) is a Research and Development Officer in the design section of the All-India Handicrafts Board at Delhi. And Asha, three years older, is a nursery school teacher in Meerut.

The YMCA in Delhi exhibited 500 dolls made by Deepak and Asha, in January. The exhibition was sponsored by UNICEF whose representatives, late last year, were impressed by the creations of these two and urged them to fashion dolls for an exhibition to mark the IYC. The labour, Deepak is proud to say, was voluntary, and within 60 days their workshop at Meerut produced 500 dolls.

Deepak was the designer, draughtsman and guide. He is a painter, with several solo shows to his credit, and specializes in paintings on "Gandhian thoughts". He looked for a way to make his paintings "toys with action and sound."

The movement of his dolls comes through strings on the limbs. The varied sounds come from little drums. The materials he uses are simple and cheap — clay, coir, bamboo, cardboard and khadi cloth. Deepak was charmed by Nautanki — a dance form typical of U.P. — and created doll groups based only three months old. Tanu, an adopted nephew, is of great help to Deepak because when he and his friends are around Deepak and Asha watch them and their movements. And they attempt to catch these very features in their dolls.

In the course of his work, Deepak has travelled all over the country and met craftsmen and their families. He realized that the exodus of young craftsmen to cities could be stopped if educated people convinced them that their age-old craft was "invaluable."

When the craftsmen's children learnt of his educational background (he is an M.A. in sociology) and that he was trying to preserve and promote their art, they were quite ready to listen to him. Deepak has thus been instrumental in pursuading many youngsters to continue the family tradition.

Deepak firmly believes that the craftsmen should be given education to make them preserve and pursue their crafts tradition in an enlightened way. He also thinks that crafts should be a compulsory subject up to middle school. Any form of craft makes a child sensitive, dutiful, disciplined and gentle.

Deepak does not intend to break away from the folk motives and the folk colours of bold reds, yellows and purples which he uses. Nevertheless, he has introduced some 'mod' aspects, especially in his dolls' costumes. At the three-day YMCA exhibition he showed a village belle dressed in slacks and with an upsweeping coiffure. He wanted to project the incongruity of following fashions which do not suit the personality.

These "caricature dolls" were a great hit at the exhibition, which was seen by 12,000 students and teachers. They were impressed by the way Deepak brought "home the truth". This is his message to children through his dolls — dress according to your face and colour. Don't dress because your friend is dressed that way.

Deepak has donated all these 500 dolls to UNICEF. Now he is making quilts for children. These again have the same "doll-like approach" and just what the child would like. Deepak's ambition is to combine western technique with his own so that a blend of East and West comes to India's children through his dolls.

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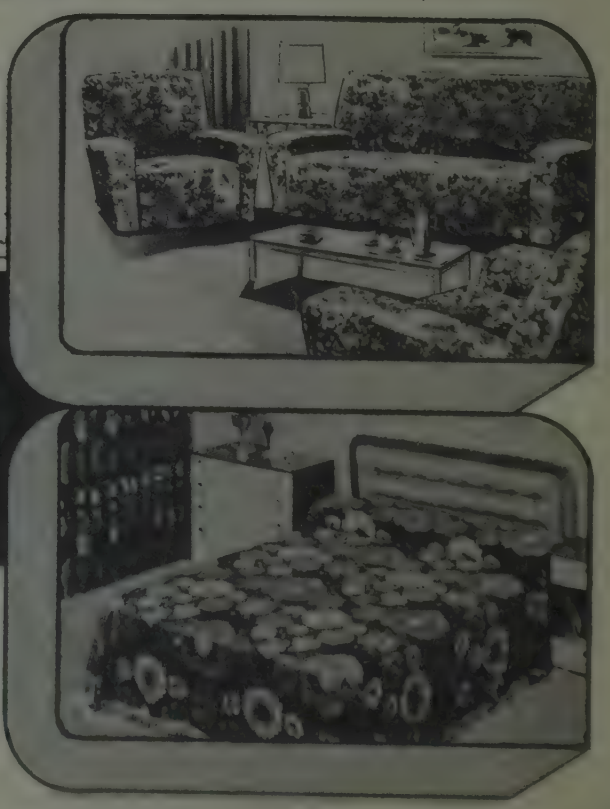

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PRESSMAN

MULTI-LINGUAL FAMILIES

Before a couple embark on an inter-community marriage, several factors are taken into account. Style of living, cultural values, food habits, even dress. The importance of language is considered, but not as a very central factor in making or breaking a marriage. Most of the inter-communal marriages are contracted among fellow students, colleagues, or acquaintances, through close relatives — all relatively urban situations where the common language of communication is either English or Hindi.

The harmony or disharmony in an inter-communal marriage is reflected in the adjustment in relation to language also. A Punjabi woman married a Bengali man. Today, after thirty years of marriage, she looks, speaks and even (I am sure) thinks like a Bengali and he will not have it otherwise. Their children speak English with a Bengali accent and little or no Hindi. All conversation among the members of the household is in Bengali. A cynical friend observed that in all inter-community marriages, the 'dominant vernacular' prevails.

But in the course of my investigations, no such set pattern emerged. In the case of a Bengali gentleman married to a U.P. woman, the only common language in the house is English. He had lived out of Bengal all his life and did not impose his language on her. After fifteen years of marriage, she today speaks three words of Bengali and his Hindi is as bad as it was fifteen years ago. By virtue of his education rather than practice at home, their eight-year-old son speaks English and Hindi fluently.

A colleague from Kerala got married to a Gujarati girl. Though their conversations are generally in English, each has made a conscious attempt to study and absorb the other's culture and language while retaining his/her own. As a result of which their four-year-old daughter speak English, Hindi, Gujarati and Malayalam.

A Malayalee friend who was contemplating marriage to a boy from U.P, was quite sorry that her Hindi was appalling. Born and brought up in Kerala and abroad, she had never had an opportunity to learn the so-called 'national language. While her boyfriend spoke English fluently and she did not anticipate any problem in communication with him, his mother spoke only Hindi and could not even understand English. Though they were not planning to stay with his mother, my friend anticipated serious problems in that she could never really 'get close' to her mother-in-law and she firmly believes that all males think that the ideal woman is their mother, therefore the lack of communication could be misunderstood. Apart from this, he was a poet very fond of Urdu couplets and his idea of a quiet evening would be a good poetry reading session which she would never understand nor would she be able to keep up a facade of enjoyment for long. "I would never be able to share things that matter to him."

Which may not prove to be such a tragedy in the long run. There are couples who feel that a certain amount of independence of interests in a marriage could do them a lot of good. A rather independent minded school friend, a Tamil girl with whom I have barely exchanged a few sentences in Tamil despite the fact that both of us speak the language fairly fluently, is engaged to a Punjabi boy. She almost burst out laughing when I asked her if she thought that language would ever act as a barrier in their marriage. "My God, can you imagine me carrying on a conversation in Tamil for the major part of the day, or Arun (her fiance) in Punjabi?" She went on to add that as neither of them was a typical representative of his/her community, language could never be a barrier. But occasionally, just as she occasionally liked to have traditional South Indian food, she might like to speak a few words of Tamil, for which there were always friends like me.

While couples who have had inter-community marriages insist that language could never be the cause, it may be the scapegoat in marital disharmony. Couples who have married within their community, find it difficult to believe that one can share everything but not the language. An aunt who had had a traditional arranged marriage was quite shocked at the very idea. "On so many occasions, a particular word or phrase which is just apt strikes me and I share it with him and we have our own private joke. I wouldn't be able to translate it into English or Hindi and the other option would be to keep it to myself, which would mean shutting him away from a whole vista of my personality. And this would happen rather often all over India as the Indian languages are so rich with phrases and proverbs."

A mother of a six-month-old feels that children bring you close to your native language. For eight years she and her husband had spoken only in English with a few words of Marathi sprinkled here and there. But now she finds herself constantly cooing to the child in Marathi and automatically addresses the husband in Marathi too. Had he not followed the language, she would have felt self-conscious and inhibited.

On the other hand, another Punjabi couple, who have two sons, 14 and 16 respectively, feel that before their children were born, they used to communicate much more in Punjabi, but as the children grew and started going to school, it became more natural to speak in Hindi and still later in English. Now the language most used in their household is English — her's wholly picked up from her children.

There seems to be no set pattern followed by couples who have had inter-lingual marriages. The language factor is a reflection of the prevailing cultural values of the household. If the husband dominates then his mother-tongue prevails while her's is subjugated. If there is a perfect adjustment of roles, languages also find their rightful place. The fact today is that most young people feel that they are most at ease in English or Hindi and they do not anticipate any hindrance in communication on account of the language factor.

Lalita Ramakrishnan

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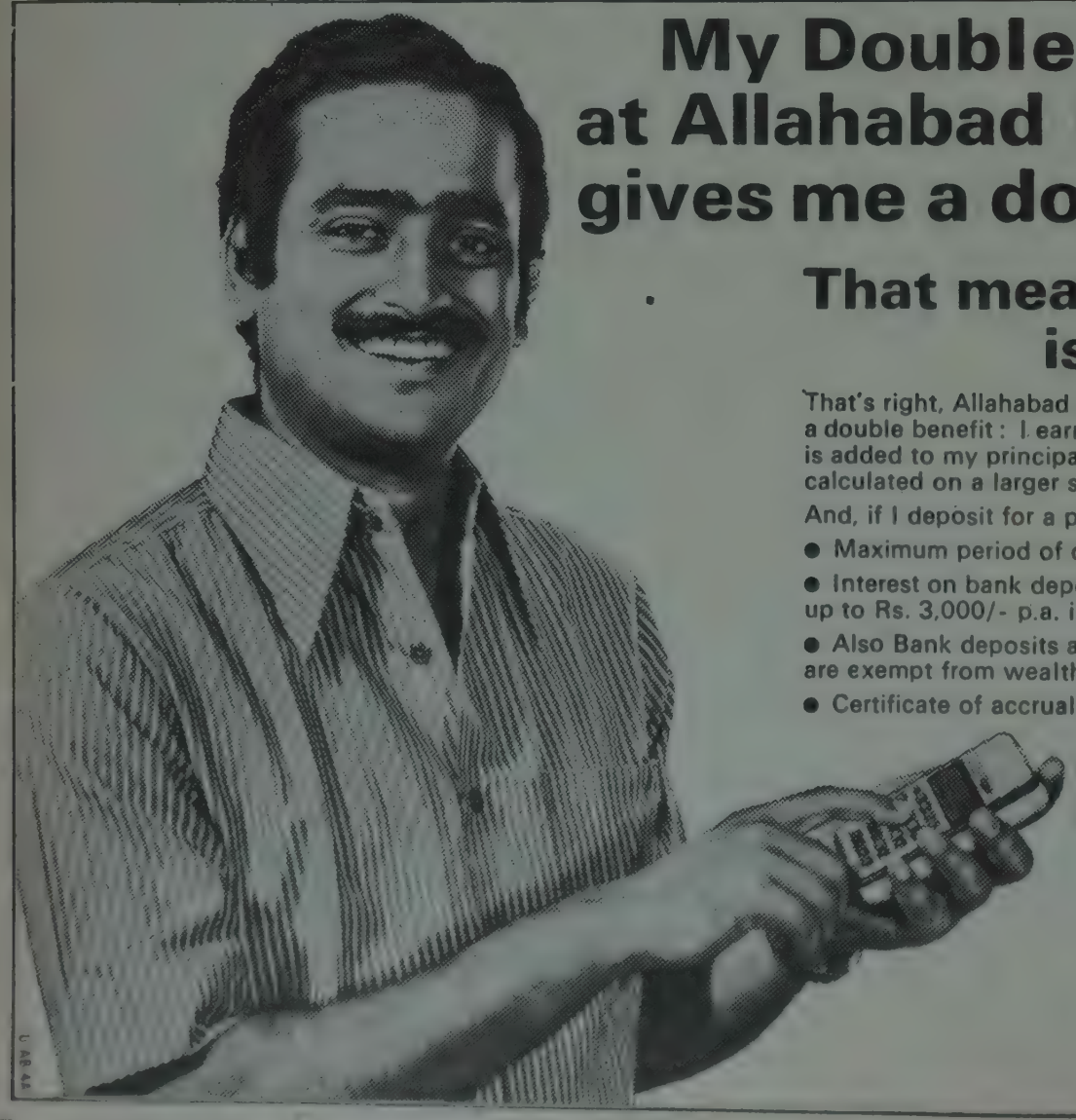

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Continued from page 11

high temperature and appears to be disinterested in his surroundings." Unknown to us, Kamla had not taken the child to Atul after visiting us, as we had expected her to.

Knowing the importance of early treatment of diseases in children, we rushed with our kit to Kamla's hut with the able guidance of our peon. It was almost dusk when we reached the place and the first thing I noticed was an ugly-looking fat woman sitting outside the hut, flanked by two or three villagers.

Brushing her aside we rushed inside to find Kamla trying to pacify the restless child on her lap. The other young one, not knowing what all the hullabaloo was about, sat huddled in a corner, watching the proceedings with large, rounded eyes.

Vijay touched the body of the child and said, "Very high temperature — must be about 40 degrees Centigrade (105 degrees F)." We simultaneously noticed that the child was gasping for breath and appeared very toxic. In the limited space within the hut, only Vijay could move about to carry out a full examination.

CASE OF PNEUMONIA

"It's a straightforward case of pneumonia," he said. We agreed; every sign and symptom pointed to this killer disease of paediatric practice. But just as we were opening our kit to give the sick child an injection, a hand restrained us.

"If you please, sir, I would request you not to give any medicine to this child." Saying this, Kamla gave the child into another woman's lap (her sister-in-law, as we learned later), and took us some distance away from the back of her hut.

"Kamla! What's wrong with you?" Atul almost shouted in exasperation.

"He has been running high fever since this morning," she explained. "We thought it was one of those fevers that affect young children off and on. But since afternoon, he has had four attacks of 'fits'. All the elders of the family decided to consult the sorceress and she confirmed their suspicion that an alien spirit had entered the child's body as a result of which it was turning up its eyes and getting the 'fit'. She has agreed to drive it off after dark on the condition that no 'english' medicines are administered to the child."

CHILD BEATEN

"But Kamla, you told us you don't believe in this black magic," I pleaded, hoping for some good sense in her head pushing out the age-old traditions. "The fits you describe are because of the high temperature and will subside with a few doses of medicine."

"I don't know what to do, sir," she sobbed. "I can't explain these wierd occurrences and my in-laws insist it is because of an evil spirit."

"I warn you Kamla — the child needs antibiotics and other medicine immediately, otherwise the consequences may be dire," Vijay put in menacingly.

"It's all out of my hands now," she said with a sigh. "The exorcist has already arrived and the proceedings will begin soon." Lowering her voice to a conspiratorial tone, she aded, "After it's all over, I will bring the child to the Clinic and you can treat it in any way you like." With these words, she vanished towards the hut.

Consternation. That is the only word I can use to describe our feelings at that precise moment.

"These idiotic nincompoops!" Vijay burst out. "Invoking spirits to cure pneumonia! No wonder these areas continues to remain backward and undeveloped."

"What are we waiting for, but?" I queried. "Let's go back to the Clinic and prepare for the treatment of the child."

"On the contrary, let's wait here and see what the rituals of exorcism are like. I am very keen to see the sorceress in action," said Vijay.

"A mixture of occult and science," Atul added in a hollow voice. "In case of emergency, we will be useful around."

I sent the peon back with the message that all essentials should be kept ready to treat the seriously ill patient. As the minutes ticked by, tension and anxiety heightened in our minds, together with a mixture of curiosity in anticipation of seeing something new and exotic.

After what seemed an interminably long time, Kamla's sister-in-law brought the child into the open and handed it to the sorceress who had in the meantime collected an assortment of odds and ends and placed them by her side.

All of a sudden, a hush descended over the place. The exorcist picked up a twig, broke it into two and chanted some 'mantra' in a loud voice. She then took the child in her lap and followed it up by taking a twig, a green chilly and a lemon in that order and twirled each round the child's body and kept them down carefully in a row. She picked up a fistful of salt, applied it to the child's head and threw it into a bowl of water.

All the while the child was in the witch's lap crying pitifully in a weak voice, exhausted by the severity of the illness. In a quick movement, the exorcist next picked up a stick lying by her side and beat the child thrice across the body. Vijay gave a sudden start, almost as if the lashes had hit him.

The lemon was the next target. Picking it up, she growled at and scolded it as if it was a schoolboy playing truant. Her voice suddenly rose to a crescendo. At that very moment, the child which had undergone this torture without any protest, had a sudden convulsion. The audience watched with bated breath as the exorcist picked up the child, raised it sky-high and proclaimed that she had gained control over the evil spirit which refused to leave the child's body — hence the convulsion.

LIMP BODY

Turning the child on it's back, she gave two loud whoops and beat it thrice on the back with a massive closed fist. I found myself giving a gasp of anguish and I could see Vijay's knuckles turn white as he closed his fist tightly in an involuntary gesture of horror.

A ear-splitting sound then reverberated through the silent night as the exorcist put her head near the child's ear and screamed "Eee. . . yaa. . . hoo. . ."

The stiff body of the child suddenly went limp like a rag. All three of us unwillingly found ourselves being propelled forward in an instinctive act of sympathy. A friendly hand blocked our way. "Don't interfere at this stage, sir," said a villager. "If anything goes wrong, she will blame you for interfering in the rites."

We could no longer witness the heinous proceedings. As one man, we turned back to our house, with heavy hearts.

"Murder, that's what it is. Heaven knows if the child is alive or dead," said Vijay breaking the silence.

"I presume it is unconscious and may come round by vigorous treatment," said Atul hopefully.

"If anything happens to that child, I am going to the police," I said firmly.

POWERFUL SPIRIT

Three minutes later, we were home. We brought out chairs and sat in the open space in front of our quarters.

Hardly five minutes had elapsed, when Kamla and two villagers came to us bringing a parcel wrapped in clothes.

Kamla was dumb, but her emotions were adequately expressed by the tears streaming down her eyes. Finally, it was one of the men who spoke up. "The child does not respond to external stimuli."

In a flash, three pairs of hands rushed to open up the parcel. I ran with the child to the clinic room, Vijay and Atul were not far behind. Examination revealed a cold, clammy baby; no breathing movements, heart at standstill and pupils widely dilated — the signs of death and not very recent at that. The three of us tried every manoeuvre in the textbooks of medicine — artificial respiration, cardiac massage, oxygen, intravenous fluids, adrenaline and the rest, but we knew that it was futile. The child was dead. In all probability, it had died in the arms of the exorcist, of severe shock following the hammering it received at her hands. The 'howl in the wilderness' had claimed the life of an innocent baby hardly a year and a half old.

We broke the news gently to Kamla. Without any show of emotion, she took the child back into her arms and the party of three retraced its steps to Kamla's hut.

WE WATCHED AN EXORCIST KILL A CHILD

I got up from my seat in the Clinic and sent for the Health Centre Compounder. When he came a few minutes later, I said "Baburao, tomorrow morning I want you to go by the first bus to Bhusaval and get officers from the Crime Investigation Department to investigate a case of murder."

"But, sir. . ."

"No buts and ifs. You will do as I say."

A crestfallen compounder, who had never seen us in such a vicious mood, left puzzled at the sudden change in us.

We returned to our chairs in front of our quarters. Dinner was the furthest thing from our minds. Almost two hours passed without a word emanating from anybody's lips. The melancholy was broken by the return of our peon from the arena of death which we had visited earlier in the evening.

"The exorcist has left, after having finished all the necessary rites," he said quietly.

"What did she say when informed that the child was dead?" I could not help asking, wanting to satiate my curiosity.

"She said the spirit was powerful, but she managed to extract it from the child's body with a lot of difficulty. The child died because the evil spirit took the child's life along with it, while leaving its human habitat. The important thing, however, was that the spirit was conquered and the village was saved."

"And what did those foolish villagers around the place say?" exploded Vijay, unable to control his rage.

"They said nothing."

"They must have at least expressed displeasure at the turn of events," Vijay persisted.

"To tell you the truth, sir, most of the villagers nodded their heads in approval on hearing the exorcist's statement."

The compounder chose that moment to enter the fray and say "Sir, there is no point in making a police complaint. These things happen quite often in the villages. You must remember, sir, that the exorcist was called by the child's parents to treat it as she thought fit. Moreover, nobody in the village will come forward as witness to the event. It will be your word against hers. And if Kamla herself will not complain, on what basis will the case be decided?" It was obvious that he had not wasted the last two hours, unlike us.

'NOT A BIG LOSS'

That night, the child was cremated some distance from the village — without a death certificate.

In the morning, work seemed to go on as usual. Only the three of us seemed to suffer from the trauma of the 'exorcism' and its tragic end. Having thought over the compounder's arguments and seeing the calm atmosphere in the village, my resolve to inform the police weakened. One awkward question to answer would be: where was the body of the deceased to establish murder?

Life went on as usual. Two weeks later, on the completion of our appointment, we were vacating our quarters and leaving for the village bus-stand. Kamla, who had come back to work on the second day following the tragedy with hardly a sign to show she had suffered such a loss, was among those who came to bid us a tearful farewell.

"I will never forget Arvi and its exorcist," said Vijay, echoing the thoughts of all three of us.

When the bus finally came and we were saying our final round of farewells, I had a special word of cheer for the young water-woman.

"Don't worry, Kamla," I said with a heavy heart. "Fate will lead you to a happy life."

"I am not at all troubled, sir," she said in a surprisingly chirpy voice. Then, lowering her voice to a whisper, "The death of the child is not a big loss. Another will be on the way very soon; I am in the third month of pregnancy and will have the company of a young one again."

With a sudden jerk, the bus started and we left for home.

Eve's Weekly / sophistication boutique

GRAND FASHION SHOW
IN BOMBAY

On March 19, 1979, Eve's Weekly and Sophistication boutique of Delhi will hold a grand fashion show at the Regal Room, Oberoi Sheraton Hotel, Bombay. The show will present a super range of garments — salwar kameez ensembles, churidar kameez sets, harem pant suits, knee-length tunic tops, sarees, evening dresses, all artistically designed and printed by Sophistication.

The highlight of the show will be a prize distribution to the first three lucky winners of the "Eve's Weekly/ Sophistication — Fashion of the Month — Win-A-Wardrobe" contest for the year 1978.

The show will be followed by an exhibition-cum-sale of garments on March 20, 21, 22, and 23 at the Silver Arch, Oberoi Sheraton Hotel.

HI YA HONEY!

By the wife of an Alves called Johnnie

There's only one thing that keeps me from being a happily married woman—him

Having lived all my life with the world's most ambitious romeo I am able to be of some assistance to my female friends who intend to embark on the one association that brings out the best in romeos — marriage. I believe that men get married in order to find if after they say 'I do' they can do better. And how hard they try! My husband's attempts would put King Bruce's spider's efforts to shame. He has no particular liking, any model will do. Provided the chassis is good, and I am not talking of ears.

And don't be under the impression, honey, that the hunk of manhood by your side — your husband — is any different. They are all the same. Given the opportunity they are all ready and willing to make fools of themselves by chasing other females. It boosts their ego.

There is a technique in handling wandering husbands. If you find out that the apple of your eye is sharing the fruit with another female, stay cool, because the chances are that he will soon realize that you are better than she is and return home with his tail between his legs. He will be at his best at home, when rejected outside. Smile secretly. Always treat him as the only man left in the world, even if he looks like my man, and you will have him for keeps. Many husbands do look for things outside which he cannot get at home. If you are in the habit of saying to him "Not tonight, darling" three times in a row, he is likely to find someone who will. Once you discover that Valentino has found a pastime and he knows that you know, kick up a row that will shake the entire neighbourhood. Also threaten to expose him to his friends.

There are no unfair rules in winning your man over again. My friend Clare got her husband back by gossiping in his presence, that his lover was suffering from an incurable but easily transferable disease. Marilyn told Cynthia that she would jump in front of a BEST bus and leave a letter to the public blaming her. Cynthia not only left Marilyn's husband alone, but she left India as well. "I believe Jeanne's husband once knocked four teeth off a man who was found just talking to her in private" will keep your husband a mile away from Jeanne.

Husbands often develop a roving eye, just to get more attention at home. This is a clear case of neglect and if it happens to you, you should get your head examined. Working wives are sometimes guilty of this.

For the inexperienced wife and the foolish many who trust their other half blindly, here are a few telltale give-aways that I have collected from experience and from suffering friends.

If when you pick up your phone, and there is a female constantly saying it's a wrong number, it is possible that you are the wrong number. Let him pick the phone, and if you find him excited or embarrassed, you have a problem on hand.

If your husband's tie reaches his trousers in the morning and is way above in the evening, keep wondering why he removed his tie during day, until you find out. There must be a tie-up somewhere.

If he enjoys working late, comes home whistling, smells sweet, and makes it a point to kiss you saying "Did you miss me darling?" he should be presented an Oscar for acting.

If he suddenly dresses better than usual, has a bath twice a day, and loves going to work on a Monday morning, watch out if he is unhappy at weekends. If he is, you have something to bother about.

Try to distinguish between a temporary love affair and a permanent one. The latter may lead to divorce. I hate divorce. It makes it necessary to share your property and your friends as well.

Until next time then!

* A child is a stomach entirely surrounded by curiosity.
* Children, if ill-bred, always display their pest manners.
* Most babies are a loud noise at one end and no responsibility at the other.
* Those who call a newborn baby pretty, either have very good hearts, or very bad eyesight.
* An only child is a shining example of what not to be.
* The behaviour of smart children often indicates that they don't smart in the right place.
* Children are small people who are are not permitted to act as their parents did at that age.

THE KIDDING GAME

* For some teenage boys, a barber is the worst enemy.
* A child is a thing that stands halfway between an adult and a television set.
* All children face the problem of learning good table manners without seeing any.
* Familiarity breeds contempt — and children.
* The worst feature of a new baby is its mother's singing.
* Home, to a small boy, is merely a filling station.
* Families with babies and families without babies are sorry for each other.
* Early to bed and early to rise will make a child grow strong and wise.
* To make a child ungrateful, ask him constantly for gratitude.
* When a girl goes out with her first boy, her parents do not sleep.
* It's very hard to be a teen
  And not to have a family scene.
* When praise is justly deserved, do not deny it to a child.

Compiled by G. T. F.

YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY IS JUST A FEW HOURS AWAY

Every part of India promises you a thousand glorious delights. Accessible within just hours. By air.

NORTH

Kashmir, a veritable paradise. With houseboats, quaint shikaras, water skiing. And of course the Himalayas. Nearest airport, Srinagar.

Dalhousie, perched on the Himalayan foothills. For a cool, quiet holiday. Nearest airport, Jammu.

Mussoorie, a quiet getaway in the U.P. hills. For long walks, and an aerial ropeway. Nearest airport, Delhi.

SOUTH

Ootacamund, a delightful hill-station in the Nilgiris, with a wealth of eucalyptus trees. Nearest airport, Coimbatore.

Bangalore, a beautiful garden city 900 metres up. An ideal base to tour around Karnataka and to drive down to the Jog Falls, or even Ootacamund. Airport linked to the rest of India.

Horsley Hills, a serene hill station with quiet groves of red sandalwood and eucalyptus. Airport, Bangalore or Tirupati.

EAST

Darjeeling, a quiet getaway from it all, with lovely views of the Himalayas. Gateway to Kalimpong & Sikkim. Nearest airport, Bagdogra.

Shillong, pine scented walks, excellent golf courses and mountain scenery. Nearest airport, Gauhati.

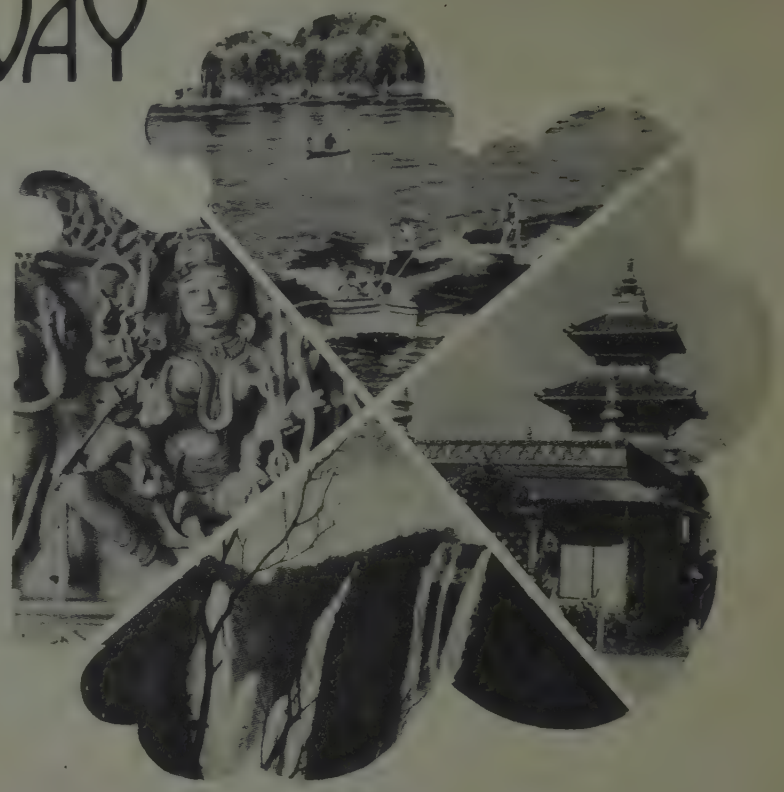
Imphal, amidst wooded hills and lakes in an evergreen valley. With polo and costumed folk dancing. Airport linked to the rest of India.

WEST

Saputara, 1000 metres high, is a delightful hill resort with a pleasant climate and enchanting scenery. Nearest airport, Ahmedabad.

Mahabaleshwar, 1500 metres up, has a Maratha fort, rocky temples and exhilarating climate. Nearest airport, Bombay.

Mount Abu, a quaint hill station with the Nakki lake, Gaumukh and sunset point. Nearest airport, Ahmedabad.



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Gleem Regular	Gleem Egg	Gleem Tonic
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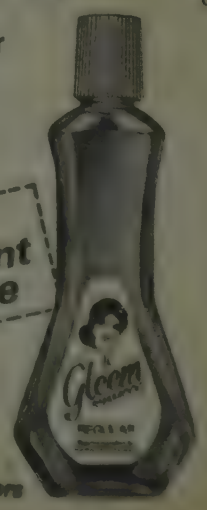

Gleem SHAMPOO recommended by leading hairdressers

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When people are awake, they enjoy one world in common, but asleep, each roams a world of his own.

Heraclitus

The best way to make your dreams come true is to wake up.

J. M. Power

Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Alfred Tennyson

Facts are better than dreams.

Sir Winston Churchill

Still, at least a dream is not an illusion.

Orson Welles

Stay young by hanging on to your dreams. There is not much to do but

DREAMS AND DREAMING

bury a man when the last of his dreams is dead.

Wilfred Peterson

Always dream and shoot higher than you know you can do. Don't bother just to be better than your contemporaries or predecessors. Try to be better than yourself.

William Faulkner

All men dream: but not equally. Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their minds wake in the day to find that it was vanity; but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dream with open eyes, to make it possible.

T. E. Lawrence

I was never able to agree with Freud that the dream is a 'facade' behind which its meaning lies hidden — a meaning already known but maliciously, so to speak, withheld from consciousness. To me dreams are part of nature, which harbours no intention to deceive but expresses something as best it can, just as a plant grows or an animal seeks its food as best it can.

Carl Gustav Jung

The mightiest works have been accomplished by men who have somehow kept their ability to dream great dreams.

Walter Russell Bowie

Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

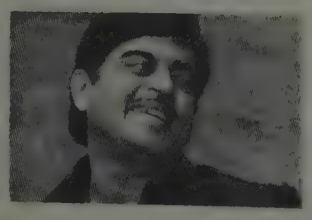
W. B. Yeats

Compiled by David Gunston

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

OFF-CAMERA SHOOT-OUT



The party at a non-filmi house was in full swing when heat was generated between Sanjay Khan on the one hand and Shatrughan Sinha and Prem Chopra on the other. It is said that Shatru and Prem Chopra kept their cool in spite of continuous provocation by Sanjay Khan.

The next night there was a get-together at the house of Ranjit who is an immediate neighbour of Sanjay Khan. The merrymakers included Shatru, Vinod, Prakash Mehra, etc. There was a sharp exchange of words between Sanjay and the others over the garden wall — even revolver shots were fired. Of course the aim was so bad, that the shots went up in the air like champagne corks.

While the neighbours, who were woken up by the shots and sounds, went to sleep thinking it was the shooting of a film, the drama continued. By daylight, complaints were lodged with the police. Meanwhile, before Dilipsaab woke up, Manoj grabbed the opportunity of becoming a shantidoot leader. No arrests have been made so far. The police is accustomed to giving V.I.P. treatment to film folk.

The dangerous aspect of this drama is the generous allotment of arms licences to film folks who are more often than not under the hangover of liquor or the screen maramari roles. There is a possibility of their improving their aim some day and causing a casualty. As this goes to press the drama has taken an expected and ugly turn — a communal turn — the Muslim versus Hindu stars.

Hindu or Muslim, religion today is the last resort for the survival of flops.

And whilst filmdom is busy with crime and sex, Rajendra Kumar and Raj Kapoor carry on with their post-retirement activities. In a way, arranging marriages and sudden consciousness of family duties, etc., is also a form of escapism. Rajendra Kumar's daughter, Dimple, is engaged to the second son of H.P. Nanda of Escorts. So Dimple will be sister-in-law of Rita, Raj Kapoor's daughter. The Kapoor and Kumars have flown to Delhi for the tang-me-tang engagement.

Poor Jagjit Singh took all the across-the-border-jilebi-syrup stories of the stars, Mehdi Hassan and cricket very seriously and tried for permission to sing in public halls in Pakistan. He had gone to Islamabad on invitation of the Indian Embassy for Republic Day. After which our Embassy, plus Rotary clubs, tried in vain for permission to introduce Jagjit to the masses. The Islamic Government secretly aided by local artistes, refused the permission. Jagjit came back with some private songs for charity, but not before he had recorded a set of six cassettes, which are already sold out. That is it! What you need is a businessman speculating and cashing in and that clears out political webs.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Kavita Singh and Asha Mohta of "Reflections" and "Touch of Class" held an exhibition of exclusive items for the home and garden, designed by them.

On view were leather and chrome furniture; glass tables; acrylic trolleys, ice buckets and trays; enamelled photo-frames; laminated cork and jute tablemats; ceramic and can plant holders; fibre glass garden lamps and several other unusual articles — all tastefully displayed.

* * *

World Wildlife Fund-India held a press conference to publicise the findings of the water pollution tests carried out in Mahim Creek, a notoriously polluted area in the heart of Bombay. Mr. S. P. Godrej, chairman, WWF-India's Western Region Committee, presided and Mrs. S. I. Chatterji explained the findings of the study and outlined WWF-India's scheme for the creation of the Mahim Nature Park.

As a prelude to the creation of this park, WWF-India organised a function at which Mr. Hashu Advani, Maharashtra's Minister for Urban Development, unveiled educative hutboards and bird-watching hides set up by WWF-India, at the Mahim Bird Sanctuary.

Dr. Salim Ali, noted ornithologist, led the bird-watchers.

* * *

Bombay Arts & Sports, a cultural organisation functioning in the city's suburbs, sponsored the 11th Bombay Suburban Interschool Talent Contest 'Folk Dances of India'.

Mr. Harish Jain, chairman, Jaisons Advertising Pvt. Ltd., was the chief guest and Mrs. Jain distributed the prizes.

The prize winners were, in the primary section, first prize: IES K.G. Classes, Dadar, second: IES English Medium Primary School and third, IES Marathi Medium Primary School.

In the secondary section, the winners were, first: Air India Modern School, second: IES English Medium Secondary School and third, Sardar Vallabhbhai Vividhlakshi Vidyalaya.

The BAS Award for General Proficiency went to Miss Mamta Basu, teacher at the Swami Vivekanand High School, Chembur All the prizes were donated by Mrs. Shanti Raheja, past president of BAS.

* * *

The NAB Louis Braille Memorial Research Centre had a function at which Mrs. Kusum Kamat, Education Officer BMC, formally published the Vithoba Paknikar Performance Tests For the Blind. These I.Q. tests for the blind, a novel feature in India, facilitate the educational and vocational guidance of blind children. The tests have been constructed and standardized by Prof. K. K. Paknikar.

DELHI

Vimla Virmani, the convenor of the Education & Culture Committee and Vimal Raghuraj, the convenor of the Health & Hygiene Committee of the National Council of Women organised a function to usher in the IYC. The programme includes immu-

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1. Dr. Chacko, one of the judges at the Madras YWCA's Bonny Baby Contest to mark the IYC, seen with a tiny contestant.

2. Mrs. Sujata Manohar, Bombay High Court judge and chief guest at the Charter Night of the Zonta Club of Bombay II addresses members of the Club. To her right are Indu Kothari, hon. treasurer, and Dina Patel, director. To her left are Khorshed Madon, founder-president; Mera Shroff, organiser of the Club; Motu Jehangir, director, and Deena Thacker, hon-sec.

3. Seen at the 2nd District Conference of the Inner Wheel Club of Dist. 329. Calcutta, are from left, Uma Sen, president, South West Inner Wheel, Tapati Mookerji, chief guest, Aroti Dutta, past president and Prema Ullall, president, All India Inner Wheel, who inaugurated it.

4. Guru Arjun Desai blesses Shilpa and Sangeeta Raiyani immediately after their arangetram in Bombay. Others in the picture are from left Asha Parekh, guest speaker, Mr. Bhagwanji Raiyani, Hema Malini, chief guest, Mr. Rajabhau Chimbulkar, Mayor of Bombay and Mrs. Raiyani.

nization drives in various colonies—a child to child programme where an elder child will feel responsible for the younger one; painting and drawing competitons, sports meets and an adult literacy drive aimed at educating parents. Mr. Shanti Bhushan, Union Minister for Law, was the chief guest at the function which was inaugurated by Mr. V. K. Malhotra.

* * *

Bajaj Electricals Limited, along with the All India Women's Conference, under their 'Meet the Consumer' series, held a consumer meet at the India International Centre. Besides looking into the complaints of consumers regarding Bajaj products, the consumers were given useful hints by experts from Bajaj. Mrinal Gore, M.P. was the chief guest at the meet which was presided over by Mrs. Lakshmi Raghuramiah.

* * *

The Ikebana International's exhibition at the Ashoka hotel had for its theme 'Festivals and their spirit'. The various festivals were depicted through 100 different flower arrangements. An original entry was 'The Film Festival'. Ikebana exhibition is a notable event in the cultural life of Delhi and it drew large and appreciative crowds. Mr. Kohli, Lt. Governor of Delhi inaugurated the exhibition.

CALCUTTA

Tagore's 'Chandalika', the ballet of the untouchable mother and daughter's agony and reprieve, was an artistic triumph for the mother-and-daughter team of Mrinalini and Mallika Sarabhai.

Presented by Surabhika at Kala Mandir, this highly individualistic interpretation ably communicated the essential philosophy of the play.

* * *

A festive atmosphere marked the cricket match held at the Eden Gardens for the Chief Minister's Flood Relief Fund, played between filmstars of Bombay and those of Bengal and Madras. The Bombay captain was Dilip Kumar, while the contesting team had Uttam Kumar as captain. Robi Ghosh and Asrani provided the commentary. Satyajit Ray welcomed the spectators and Mr. Jyoti Basu, the Chief Minister, thanked the stars. Later, at a function, the Maharashtra Chief Minister, Sharad Pawar, handed over a cheque for Rs. 5 lakhs for the Fund.

BANGALORE

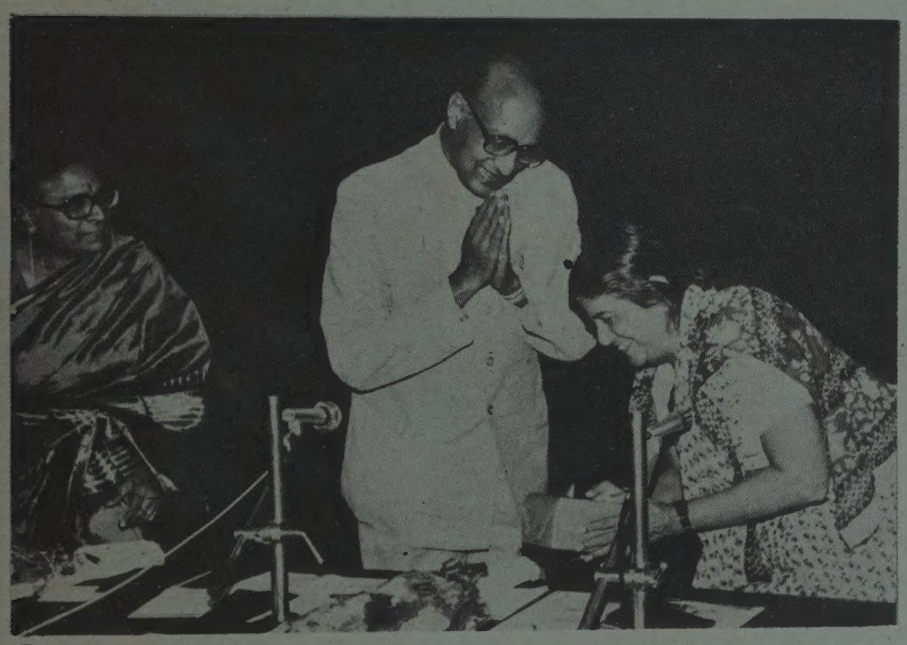
Governor Mr. Govind Narain inaugurated the IYC celebrations of the Guild of Service (Bangalore Branch). The Guild had received large consignments of children's clothes from abroad, for free distribution in India.

Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain presented the clothes to representatives of different organisations. Acharya Buddha Rakhita Thera, who was the chief guest, gave a moving speech on the role women must play in alleviating the suffering of fellow human beings.

OOTACAMUND

The Women's Voluntary Service (WVS) of the Nilgiris, sponsored three scintillating performances of song and dance, by Comex-9, the Commonwealth expedition currently in India.

The programme at Anna Stadium was attended by over 1000 school children and teachers. Colonel Narayanan presided over the programme. Mrs. Indu K. Mallah, secretary, Women's Voluntary Service, in her welcome speech, outlined the W.V.S. projects.



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5. Mr. Ramkrishna Bajaj, Managing Director, Bajaj Electricals Ltd., felicitating Mrs. Mrinal Gore, M.P. who inaugurated the Consumers' Meet organised by Bajaj Electricals Ltd. with the All India Women's Conference in Delhi. Mrs. K. Laxmi Raghuramiah, President, AIWC (left) presided over the Meet.

6. Miss Dainaz Raghina was selected as A W W A Queen at the Army Wives Welfare Association Ball held in Bombay. Seen with her from left are Mrs. Sarla Vohra president of AWWA, Mrs. Pratibha Pawar, wife of Maharashtra's Chief Minister and Mr. F.E. Patanwala, (of Afghan Snow) who sponsored the beauty contest.

7. Mrs. and Mr. Govind Narain, Governor of Karnataka, being received by members of the Bangalore Guild of Service, at the inauguration of their IYC programme.

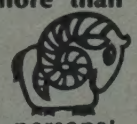
THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK MAR. 18 — 24, 1979

John Naylor

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY'S THIS WEEK:

Hopes, dreams and ambitions will succeed, but don't expect anything to drop into your lap without effort. It is in late 1979 and early 1980 that sudden contingencies will arise and have to be met. It will help you to remember that changes are inevitable and that fighting these will prove wearing as well as fruitless. Take care of your health around the turn of the year you will be accident-prone also liable to pick up minor infections. There will be plenty of chances to relax and have fun, socially, so you must find time for this during the hard-working year ahead. If single, an important new link will form, but will go through a problematical period before it settles down happily. If married, there's a need to be more than usually attentive to your partner.



ARIES
(Mar. 22 — April 20)

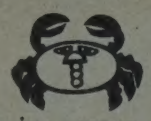
Your popularity is high, both in personal and business life, if you are a typical Arien. Friendships bring luck and rewarding contact with people of influence. However, Mercury in your sign until the 27th, indicates an over-busy atmosphere.

TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

You can be content to stick in a pleasant rut, or even not so pleasant rut. However, your starry pattern is progressive now and it is time to go forward and be a little more adventurous.

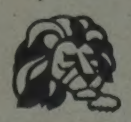
GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

The picture is optimistic for you. You are always full of bright ideas and some of these could turn out very profitably, so don't just sit and think about them — get moving. You will make a new friend this week, who will give you a fresh slant on things.



CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

Jupiter, that benefic planet, back in your sign for several weeks, will aid your plans as well as make you feel good. There will be a special aura around you that brings success. Travel is favoured, for both business and pleasure and, if single, there's a happy meeting.



LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23)

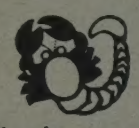
It is not a good week to get your own way, or to put forward your ideas. Control that element of bossiness in your nature and be content to play a supporting role. Your cash situation will soon improve but keep outlay to the essentials at present; you'll be luckier in April.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

You might be wondering just where you've gone wrong, but it is probably not your fault if you are beset by minor problems and people are somewhat difficult to handle. Aggressive stars are affecting you, could also lure you into impulsive actions. Hold things together; there will be improvement soon.

LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Mercury is affecting your sign, but in a rather adverse way. Should friction exist in any area, try to put this right now. Unless you make the effort you will bring some unexpected complications for yourself between now and mid-May.

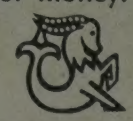


SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Everything looks very optimistic for you and, if born around the 14th, you could find yourself set on a new course soon. A romantic week. Take full advantage of social opportunities.

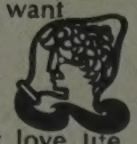
SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

You are now in a lively and sociable phase and can rather push your luck. Business-wise, get where everything is going on, ask favours. If heart-free, romance will be in the air for some weeks ahead — an old love may also reappear. A good week for money.



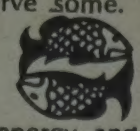
CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

A busy week when you could be on the move, home or jobwise, and this will make you happy, perhaps more secure. Bear in mind that communication spells success at present, so find fresh avenues of contact. A meeting will go just the way you want.



AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Venus is in your sign, aiding your love life, bringing some minor strokes of good fortune. You will tend to be in the right place at the right time and this will benefit your current aims. A super social scene. If unexpected cash comes in, try to reserve some.



PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

You will find you have added energy and enthusiasm, but channel this into the right directions. You can make good headway and also have fun at the same time. However, be a little wary about accepting more commitments than you have already — you might find these hard to handle in a few weeks time. A romance could take you by surprise, if single.

SAVE THE GULF OF KUTCH

The Gulf of Kutch is among the few remaining areas of living coral on the West coast of India, and together with its associated mangrove forests, offers a unique opportunity for the creation of the nation's first Marine National Park. The area was well known for its pearl fisheries, and experts say that even now it may not be too late to revive a vigorous pearl industry there. In addition, such coral and mangrove areas constitute excellent breeding and spawning ground for commercially valuable fish.

This area is also a major wintering ground for vast congregations of shorebirds coming from as far away as Arctic Eurasia! The mud-flats and mangrove jungles are feeding grounds for flamingoes, and support a huge breeding colony of storks, pelicans, herons, egrets, ibises and spoonbills, even rivalling the world-famous Bharatpur sanctuary.

Perturbed by the rapid degeneration of these living coral reefs and mangrove forests, World Wildlife Fund-India sponsored a survey by the National Institute of Oceanography, (NIO) Goa. In their report, the NIO's scientists confirmed that the serious deterioration was caused by industrial activities, and recommended complete protection for the coral reefs and adjoining mangroves. They emphasised that, at the present rate, the living coral reefs would soon be dead. On the strength of these recommendations, WWF-India made recommendations in 1978 to the Government of Gujarat as well as to the Central Government to extend full protection to the coral and mangrove bio-community, and to disallow dredging by industrial interests in the affected area.

The State Government's initial response to WWF-India's representatives was favourable. The Central Government too gave strong approval and support, and all seemed set for the creation of the nation's first Marine National Park.

However, over a year has elapsed, and according to reports received by WWF-India, pressures have been brought on the State Government by the industrial interests to drop the proposal for a Marine National Park. It is reliably learnt by WWF-India that additional new areas have already been released for dredging purposes. This is certain to lead to the complete disappearance of living coral from the Gulf of Kutch.

WWF-India and other conservation groups have expressed grave apprehension that the enormous potential worth of this area for education, recreation, fisheries and tourism, may be sacrificed to short-sighted and petty local interests. The Rajkot Branch of WWF-India, which is spearheading the effort to create a Marine National Park, has, in a letter to the Chief Minister of Gujarat, urged the Government to accept the recommendations contained in the National Institute of Oceanography Report.

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